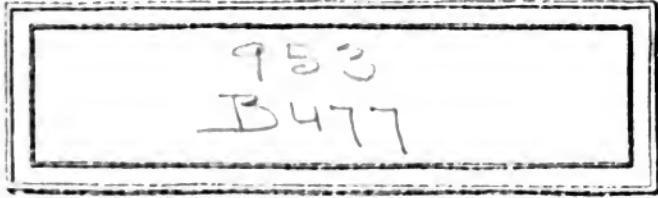


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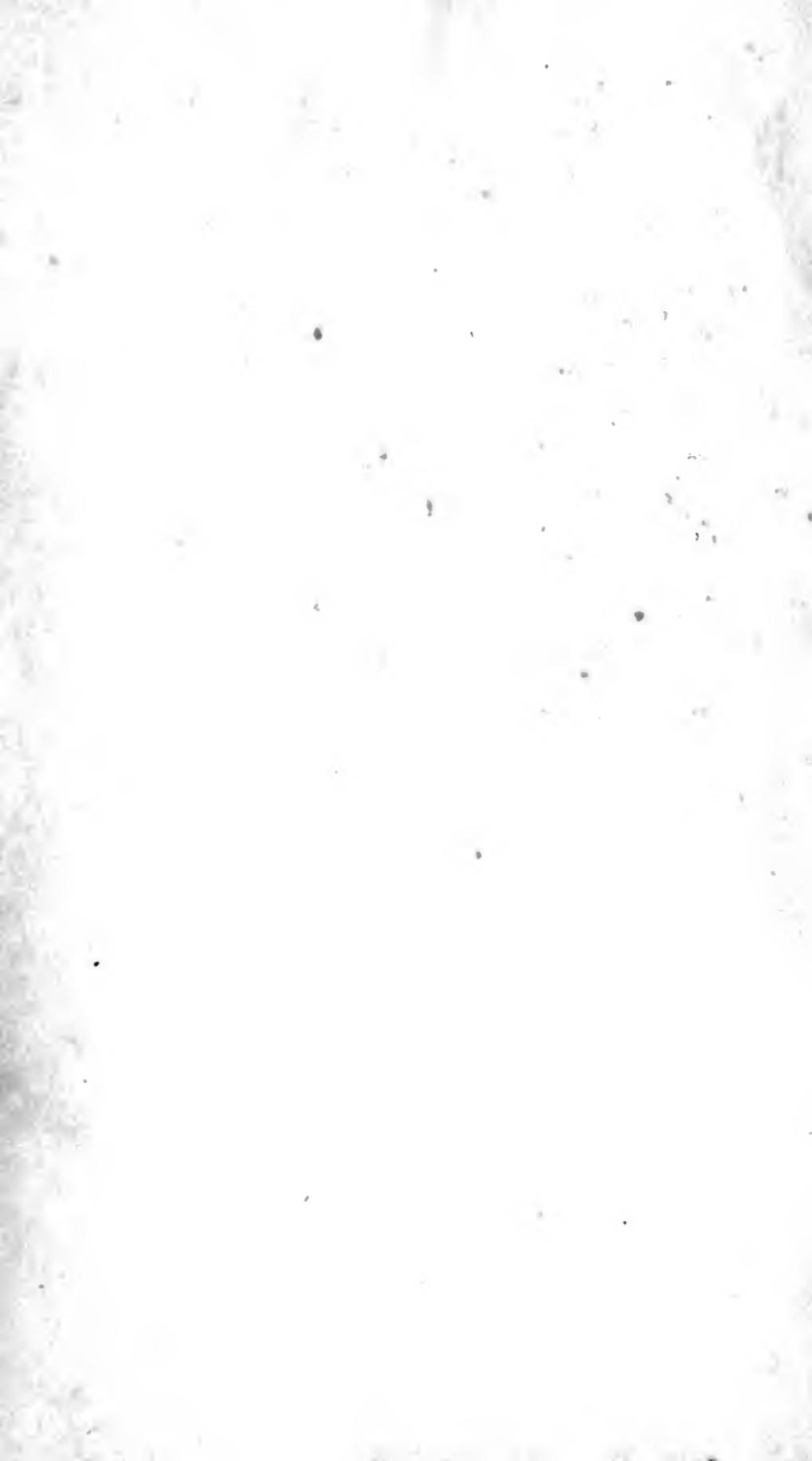


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P O E M S .



Cambria :

A POEM,

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WELSH DYNASTY.

RAYMOND :

A METRICAL ROMANCE,

AND

VARIOUS MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

By C. C. BENTLEY.

Envy not the Poet's name,
Darken not his dawn of fame;
'Tis the guerdon of a mind,
bove the thralls of earthly kind;
'Tis the haven for a soul,
Where the storms of genius roll;
It often lights him to his doom,
A halo round an early tomb!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

NEWARK-UPON-TRENT :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. AND C. RIDGE;
AND SOLD BY MR. JOY, LONDON; MR. DUNN, NOTTINGHAM;
MR. E. DRURY, LINCOLN; AND MR. RIDGE, GRANTHAM.

1830.



TO VIMU
AMARILAO

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY C. DENISON,
THIS WORK
IS, BY PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY HER LADYSHIPS,
MOST GRATEFUL,
AND OBLIGED, HUMBLE SERVANT,
C. C. BENTLEY.



ЗО МИМУ АМЯСЧЛАО

PREFACE.

IT has become an established usage for Authors, somewhat apologetically, to declare what impetus drove their first productions on the “world’s wide stage;” but, on this subject, the writer of the subsequent pages, will say nothing;—she sends her early offspring forth, with all its “imperfections on its head,” in the full confidence, that, should it deserve well, it will infallibly

secure support and patronage, from the generous Sons of Albion, whose fame stands unrivalled, as the fosterers of the Arts, and who are ever ready to extend the right hand of benevolence to the children of virtue, of whatever station, or whatever clime. She, however, feels a maternal anxiety for the fate of her work, on its *public* appearance; well knowing the wide disparity of opinion there frequently exists between friends, and critics—and though she would not owe, even the breath of fame (were that possible) to party, or partiality, but would stand or fall, according to her merit, yet she would wish that justice might be tempered

with lenity ;—and, consequently, begs to solicit the indulgence of her countrymen on many of the minor pieces; which, (however they may fail in execution or expression) are certainly the breathings of deep and unsophisticated feeling, the effusions of a mind, too fatally true, to the higher pictures of romance : fatally ! because it led her to form ideas of persons, and things, unreal—such, as indeed, never may exist *generally* : it was a beautiful delusion, more beautiful than truth while it lasted ; but such error, must always entail, on its unhappy dupe, a period of melancholy despondency, whenever

the dark reality rushes on the mind—
which can only terminate, when she
shall acquire a true, and practical know-
ledge of the world, and its ways.

The Poem styled “CAMBRIA,” the Author apprehends will disappoint the expectations of many, who may, from its title, have taught themselves, to anticipate a regular detail of the history of the times; an heroic description of all the din and circumstance of war; such, may smile contemptuously on a simple tale, combined of a few principal events; it may also possibly be objected too, that the subject is unpopular: the union of

the two nations, however effected, being
“a consummation devoutly to be wished”
by every English heart: but while the
^{patriot} joys in the security and aggran-
dizement [of] his country, surely the
generous and philanthropic bosom will
not repress the awakening sigh of
sympathy, over the wounds of a pros-
trate nation—over the extinguished spark
of liberty—so long, so dearly, and so
proudly cherished—even though its sons
were her political foes. Of the other
principal poem, the Author will forbear
to speak: the whole, such as they are,
have proved a grateful amusement; and,
not unfrequently, a fount of consolation,

to a mind, but too vitally sensible of the pain, which springs from its own, and others woe. It now rests with a British public, to bid her harpings glow with all the energy of gratitude, and gladness; or sink away, in sorrowful complainings.

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CAMBRIA.



PART I.

WHEN bold Llewellyn 'mid th' unequal strife
For glorious Freedom, yielded his brave life—
When tyrant Edward, with ferocious band ¹
Spread woe, and desolation o'er the land ;
Fair Cambria wept, with agonizing pain,
Her glory faded, and her heroes slain :
Those chiefs, whose ancestry, had greatly stood,
Nor deign'd to mingle, with ignoble blood,
Lords of fair Albion, ere the Danish train,
Leagued with the Saxon, drove them from the plain :
Oppress'd, not humbled, from their mighty foes
To where the western mountains, proudly rose,

By their lov'd Goddess, (beauteous Freedom) led,
Each antient Briton, high, indignant sped :
And though awhile, each wept, with bitter tears,
The vernal plains, which knew his infant years,
Yet they felt strong, since still by Freedom blest,
And soon contentment, calm'd each swelling breast ;
Soft habit, reconcil'd his mountains wild,
And nature's sunbeams, o'er his vallies smil'd—
Thus ages sped—for tho' by late decay,
The primogenitors had pass'd away,
Yet sons, on sons, brave as their sires arose,
To shield their liberties, and guard their laws :
An uncorrupted, warlike, generous band,
The strength, the grace, the glory of the land !

But now, sad Cambria weeps 'neath mighty woes,
Wounds which no balm may soothe, nor ages close :—
Yet scornful lightnings, gather on her crest,
And giant indignation, swells her breast .
She calls with potent voice, from hill to hill,
Her native bards,—her bards attend her will—

Her heart-strings glow, with strong maternal joy,
And tears of feeling, gem her heavenly eye,
To view her idol sons—a numerous band,
The pride, the praise, the honor of her land !

“ While ye survive,” the deity confess’d—
“ Your wretched mother, still will own her blest !
“ Now, let each well-belov’d, awake his lyre,
“ Let seraph numbers, burst each quiv’ring wire,
“ First, to the praises of the honor’d dead,
“ Your princes, patriots, for ever fled—
“ Let their high honors, sound aloud, and far,
“ Then change the theme, to liberty and war !
“ Let the bold strain, reach every Cambrian ear,
“ And teach our youth their birthright to revere :—
“ Be each, as erst, the genius to inspire,
“ Courageous principle, and martial fire—
“ Then shall the bloody Edward rue the day,
“ He bore my regal son, in scorn away—²
“ Yes, e’en this fierce Plantagenet shall see,
“ The heirs of Brutus, *were, and will be Free ! l'*”

She ceas'd—an hundred harps, obedient rung,
An hundred voices, sad responsive sung—

The Lay of the Minstrels.

“ Sons of the brave ! who nobly fell,
“ In Freedom's righteous cause—
“ Assist your faithful Bards to swell,
“ Their tribute of applause :
“ Though filial tears, of pious woe, profusely flow,
“ Yet lend your pain,
“ To aid the strain,
“ Till like your sires—till like your sires—till like your
sires, ye grow !

“ Llewellyn ! by each name endear'd
“ Of Father—prince—and friend,
“ Of Godlike race : of truth rever'd—
“ Of courage tried—of prowess fear'd—
“ We mourn thine early end !

“ But still as living, so in death,
“ In honor’s cause, thou yield’st thy breath,
“ In glory’s arms thou lies :—
“ Better to fall thus, nobly brave,
“ Than meanly live, a regal slave !
“ Then to his name, with loud acclaim !
“ Let deathless praise !—let deathless praise !—let death-
 less praise arise !

“ Cambria show’d, what valour can,
“ Amid th’ unequal, bloody fray !
“ Steel to steel—and man to man,
“ Cambria, had won the day—
“ The blood, the thirsty Lion sought,
“ Was nobly sold—and dearly bought—
“ Each heroic heart, with patriot ardour glow’d ;
“ For his native laws,
“ For Freedom’s cause !
“ For his babes—his wife—
“ Amid the strife,

“ His generous life-blood flow'd !

“ Then let each name,

“ Through earth's wide bound,

“ And heav'ns profound

“ Be borne by Fame, on wings of flame !—On wings
of flame !”

“ And shall the hand which crimson'd o'er,

“ Our earths with gore ;

“ To mock our fate,

“ With ruthless hate,

“ Its tyrant power retain ?

“ Forbid it Freedom !—Honour !—Fame !

“ Virtue !—and every sacred name—

“ Shall a son of the brave,

“ Ever stoop as a slave,

“ Under Edward's inglorious chain ?

“ With the lives of your Fathers, the plains are yet gory,

“ Then follow !—then follow !—to Freedom and glory !”

Valour, flash'd from every eye,

Patriot ardour brightly glow'd,

" As our Fathers liv'd" they cry,

" So will we, or like them die,

" And write our names in blood!"

But ah ! the muse must tell a tale

Might bleach, e'en mirth's bright rose-buds pale,

To Edward's ear, on wings of morn,

The Bards' inspiring notes were borne—

And well he knew, their high controul,

Their mighty influence o'er the soul ;

He saw, with indignation, and surprize,

While all the dæmon, kindled in his eyes,

The conquest of his pride, the Cambrian land,

Receding in the distance, from his hand—

The horrid purpose, blacken'd o'er his face,

To extirpate, these war-springs of their race :

Design, but worthy an infernal breast,

Where war's wild harpies, built their horrid nest !

Whilst the gentle dews of night,
Softly, through the vallies stealing ;
And the fair Diana's light,
Wak'd each breast to raptur'd feeling ;
Then each Bard, commenc'd his theme,
Sweetly true, to recent sorrow—
Oh ! how little did they dream,
Of the bloody deeds, of morrow !

Apollo ! how could'st thou depart,
To thine own, no warning lending—
When thou knew'st, each generous heart,
Unconscious of the ill impending ?
They had watch'd thy parting rays,
Saw thee calmly, brightly smiling—
Oh ! thou ruler of the bays,
Thou wert fashion'd for beguiling !

When the rosy-finger'd day,
Had rent the veil of night, away—

As the bolt, from heav'n sped,
(Ere tis seen, its victim's dead,)
From secret ambush, rush'd the foe,
And laid Apollo's children low :
Unarm'd—defenceless—'mid the sanguine strife,
Each yielded to his savage butcher's knife.

Edward ! not all the fountains of the main,
Though they should weep, drop, after drop away
Can e'er obliterate, the crimson stain,
Drawn o'er thy fame, that sacrificial day !

END OF PART I.

of the "real world," and
 that's what I think about it.
 I don't know what you mean by "real."
 And I don't like it either. I think
 it's a terrible word, or a terrible idea—because it
 sounds official, and it's supposed to sound official.
 It's just a word, and it's just a word.

CAMBRIA,

PART THE SECOND.

"Awake, thy last sad voice, my harp !
"The voice of wo, and wild despair :
"Awake, resound thy latest lay,
"Then sleep in silence, ever mair."

BURNS.

THURSDAY

11:39 AM

Went to work with the new Luddite today. We
had a few more problems with getting the software
to run, but once we got it running, it worked
like a charm. I think the reason it was so good
was because we had our own local network set
up, so there was no need to worry about
internet connection issues. I think the reason
it worked so well is because we had a lot of
experience with the software and knew exactly
what we were doing. It was a great day!

CAMBRIA.



PART II.

WERB Cader-Idris,³ lifts his brow sublime,
Which mocks, the desolating hand of Time ;
A seeming, venerable man appears,
Bending beneath accumulated years :
Time's silver blossoms, on his breast descending,
A breast, whose finest chords, with grief are rending—
To heav'n his tearful eye, imploring turns,
While thus, his fate, the wretched victim mourns :
“ Ah ! why did I, by fate's severer law,
“ Escape the fatal doom, of all my race ?
“ Since thou, my prince ! my master ! art laid low—
“ Since I, no more, must see that honor'd face ?

“ Oft have I fondly, o'er thy cradle hung,
“ And sooth'd thy slumbers, with my warbling lyre ;—
“ Oft to thy youth, the deeds of heroes sung,
“ And fondly fan'd each emulous desire :
“ 'Twas my sweet task, to soothe thy hours of care,
“ Or, when pale sorrow, shook thy royal breast,
“ Far, far to drive, the daemon of despair,
“ And hush with melody, thy griefs to rest.
“ But now my princee, alas ! one only lay,
“ Befits thee—noblest, of the good, and brave !
“ That, shall thy faithful Urswie, sadly pay,
“ Then sink Llewellyn ! o'er thy honor'd grave.”

A pause ensued ; but it was brief—

A moment of the keenest grief :

The wretched mourner, felt each chain,

Which bound to life, and charm'd his pain,

Was sunder'd by the hand of fate—

He stood alone, and desolate :—

Not one, in the wide world, to bless—

Or pluck the barb from deep distress—

On the wild rock, forsaken, and forgot,
He sunk, and wept his own, his country's lot—
Then sad uprose, with trembling limbs, and slow,
And wak'd his harp, to notes of melting woe :
Far o'er the list'ning hills, they fled away,
And every pitying echo, sung the lay—
'Twas nature's chorus ! nature's bosom bled,
O'er Freedom, vanish'd with the mighty dead :
O'er Cambria, prostrate 'neath the victor's heel—
Bleeding, 'neath thousand swords, of sharpest steel ;
Rifled, abandon'd, and exposed to shame—
Who erst, stood proudest, in the ranks of Fame !
But ah ! the o'erwhelming floods of memory, gush
Deep o'er his soul, with devastating rush—
The bursting strings, declare his mighty pain,
Until his hand, denies to wake the strain :
His every nerve, quakes with convulsive shock,
Again he sinks upon the barren rock !

See ! where a graceful youth, with languid eye,
Ascends with pain, the steep declivity !
Drawn by the spell, of Ursric's heav'n-ton'd lyre,
He seeks the hand, which bade those notes aspire :
Still on the ground—the wretched mourner lies,
His fine-wrought soul, dissolv'd in agonies—
Absorb'd in anguish—bitter as the smart,
Of those wild pangs, which tear life's strings apart :
With kind solicitude, the stranger bends,
And all his aid to raise the suff'rer lends—
Who, on his beauteous visage, fix'd a gaze,
Replete with grief—with wonder, and amaze !
Nor calmer were the thoughts, or looks that stole,
Across the junior's lineaments, or soul—
“ Ursric !—and can it be ?—am I so blest ?
Do yet these eyes, on Ursric's features rest ?
Oh, yes ! though chang'd, I ken that face again,
No other hand, could wake that seraph strain—
Tell me thou honor'd man, by what blest power,
Thou did'st escape, in Edward's bloody hour ?”

“ Kind, courteous stranger ! why this seeming care,
“ For one, the veriest victim of despair ?
“ By chance alone, I 'scap'd the happier doom,
“ Which plung'd my fated brethren in the tomb ;
“ I, yet survive, one painful debt to pay,
“ While sorrow frets, my heart's last strings away.”
“ —I bless thee, Ursic ! thou, art faithful still !
“ Such, would have been, thy royal master's will—
“ That thou, should'st pour a requiem, o'er his bier ;
“ That thou should'st shed for him, affection's tear ;
“ But not, that thou should'st droop to grief a prey,
“ Until it rend vitality away !”
“ Stranger ! whoe'er thou art,” the bard rejoin'd,
“ Thy words drop incense, o'er my bleeding mind—
“ Fain would I know thee, since, with me, thou weeps
“ The fate of him, who all unconscious sleeps :—
“ Thy looks, recall a face to memory dear,
“ One, who (if living,) pours the bitter tear ;
“ But of the other sex—as fair as truth,
“ My honor'd master's love, in happier youth ;

“ Whom, for his country’s weal, the prince resign’d,
“ Although the idol of his royal mind—
“ O ! she was worthy, of the proudest throne,
“ Between the frigid, and the torrid zone—
“ Oft have her heav’nly eyes, in rapture wept,
“ Whilst o’er my harp, this aged hand hath swept.”

High beat the stranger’s heart, a sudden blush
Stain’d his ingenuous cheek, with crimson flush—
Anon, its hue was chang’d to ashy pale,
While thus with tears, he told his anguish’d tale.
“ Ursric ! I see, not e’en this deep disguise,
“ Can veil my person, from thy searching eyes—
“ Then view the wretched Agnes ! sport of fate !
“ A creature fatherless—and desolate—
“ On Snowden’s heights, my sire, and brothers fell,
“ To me, one came the fatal news to tell—
“ Frantic with grief, I arm’d me as a knight,
“ And rush’d impetuous, to the raging fight ;
“ By thy lov’d master, (though unknown) I stood,
“ And fought, by him inspired, through seas of blood—

“ Until o’erwhelm’d, amid the savage foe,
“ The hand of curs’d De Frampton, laid him low.
“ Oh ! with what joy, would I have died to save
“ My prince—my husband, from the early grave !
“ My husband Urswic ! for ’twas thine to know,
“ That he was mine, by every tender law ;
“ Ere cruel policy, compell’d his arms, 4
“ To clasp an Elenora Montfort’s charms—
“ Thou know’st, e’en then, from me no chidings rose,
“ Although for ever, fled my heart’s repose !—
“ Well, well I knew, his fondest love was mine !
“ I bless’d the patriot prince, who could resign,
“ With soul exalted, all his dearest joys,
“ To bless his land, and shield her liberties :—
“ Had he been less, ’t had ne’er been his to move,
“ My proud young bosom’s, deep, unearthly love ;
“ For I could scorn the craven, who withdraws
“ Whate’er his suffering, from his country’s cause.
“ Such was not he, the hero patriot, sage,
“ The pattern, boast, and glory of his age ;

" For whom I've liv'd—and soon my latest sigh,
" Shall tell thee, Urswie, 'tis for him I die !
" Some friendly angel, whispers in mine ear,
" Come, Agnes come, thy mortal hour is near"
" Live thou, great bard, and o'er my lifeless clay,
" Oh ! deign to pour, thy melancholy lay :—
" With dear Llewellyn's, let my requiem rise
" Above the hills, e'en to the bounding skies."

With admiration, pity and amaze—
On her, sad Urswie fixed his tearful gaze ;
Whilst sorrow chok'd his voice, he thrice essay'd,
With soothing words, to cheer the noble maid ;
But ere the kind intent, an utterance found,
She fell insensate on the stony ground :
Th' ethereal tenant, of that spotless breast,
Had flown to other climes, of blissful rest ;
Its proper sphere !—so exquisite a mind,
Was never, for this nether world design'd—
Where thorns, and briars, obstruct the tedious way,
And rend the bosom's finest strings away.

Still, by the lovely Agnes, Urswie stood,
Lethargic torpor, circling through his blood ;
Awhile, as one who drinks of Lethean dew,
The mournful past, receded from his view :
Nay, present, future, in that hour were lost !
As, when the mighty main, by whirlwinds tost,
Leaps to the heav'ns, commingling earth and sky,
In wild, terrific, dreadful anarchy—
Until fair Reason, o'er the burning brain,
Return'd, to re-assert, her wonted reign,
Then, as the spirits of the reprobate,
Who, having pass'd through Pluto's iron gate,
Wake from insensibility, to woe,
No cheering beam of future hope to know—
Sad consciousness, with overwhelming might,
Burst o'er his soul, and gave the past to light !
He then remember'd, Agnes' last desire,
And wak'd obedient his angel Lyre.

Requiem.

“ Noblest, of the good, and brave !

“ Whom, not a nation’s tears might save .

“ Hear, thy faithful Minstrel pay,

“ To thy manes, his last lay—

“ While he rings, his own death knell,

“ Pour to thee, his sad farewell !

“ And thou too—fairest of the fair !

“ Beauteous victim, of despair !

“ Lovliest flower, of spotless truth—

“ Wither’d in the bloom of youth !

“ Whose deep love, no power could quell—

“ First of women ! fare—thee—well !

“ Noblest pair, by love united !

“ Hapless pair, by fortune blighted !

“ Both shall live, in deathless story—

“ Both shall live, to fame and glory !

“ Future Bards, your praise shall tell ;

“ Llewellyn ! Agnes !” * * * * *

fare—ye—well—he would have said—
But the aggrieved, soul had fled—
To that far distant, happy shore,
Where sorrow, pain, and grief are known no more !

Urswie ! thou chiefest, of the tuneful band,
The pride of Cambria's once happy land—
Blessing thy fealty, and affection true,
Permit an humbler bard, to breathe adieu !

and the corresponding λ -operator is given by

$$\lambda = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial^2}{\partial x^2} + \frac{\partial^2}{\partial y^2} \right) - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial^2}{\partial x^2} + \frac{\partial^2}{\partial z^2} \right) - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial^2}{\partial y^2} + \frac{\partial^2}{\partial z^2} \right).$$

It is clear that the eigenvalues of λ are $\pm i\sqrt{2}$, $\pm i\sqrt{2}$, and $\pm i\sqrt{2}$. The corresponding eigenvectors are

$$\begin{aligned} \text{eig}_1 &= \begin{pmatrix} 1 \\ 1 \\ 1 \end{pmatrix}, & \text{eig}_2 &= \begin{pmatrix} 1 \\ -1 \\ 0 \end{pmatrix}, \\ \text{eig}_3 &= \begin{pmatrix} 1 \\ 0 \\ -1 \end{pmatrix}, & \text{eig}_4 &= \begin{pmatrix} -1 \\ 1 \\ 0 \end{pmatrix}, \\ \text{eig}_5 &= \begin{pmatrix} 0 \\ 1 \\ 1 \end{pmatrix}, & \text{eig}_6 &= \begin{pmatrix} 0 \\ 1 \\ -1 \end{pmatrix}, \\ \text{eig}_7 &= \begin{pmatrix} 0 \\ -1 \\ 1 \end{pmatrix}, & \text{eig}_8 &= \begin{pmatrix} 0 \\ -1 \\ -1 \end{pmatrix}. \end{aligned}$$

It is also clear that the vectors $\text{eig}_1, \text{eig}_2, \text{eig}_3, \text{eig}_4$ are linearly independent, while the vectors $\text{eig}_5, \text{eig}_6, \text{eig}_7, \text{eig}_8$ are linearly dependent. Thus, we can choose the basis $\{ \text{eig}_1, \text{eig}_2, \text{eig}_3, \text{eig}_4 \}$ for \mathbb{R}^3 .

Let $\mathcal{B} = \{ \text{eig}_1, \text{eig}_2, \text{eig}_3, \text{eig}_4 \}$ and let $\mathcal{B}' = \{ \text{eig}_5, \text{eig}_6, \text{eig}_7, \text{eig}_8 \}$. Then \mathcal{B} is a basis for \mathbb{R}^3 and \mathcal{B}' is a basis for the subspace $\text{span}\{\text{eig}_5, \text{eig}_6, \text{eig}_7, \text{eig}_8\}$.

Let $\mathcal{B}'' = \{ \text{eig}_1, \text{eig}_2, \text{eig}_3, \text{eig}_4, \text{eig}_5, \text{eig}_6, \text{eig}_7, \text{eig}_8 \}$. Then \mathcal{B}'' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^8 and \mathcal{B}'' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^8 .

Let $\mathcal{B}''' = \{ \text{eig}_1, \text{eig}_2, \text{eig}_3, \text{eig}_4, \text{eig}_5, \text{eig}_6, \text{eig}_7, \text{eig}_8, \text{eig}_9 \}$. Then \mathcal{B}''' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^9 and \mathcal{B}''' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^9 .

Let $\mathcal{B}'''' = \{ \text{eig}_1, \text{eig}_2, \text{eig}_3, \text{eig}_4, \text{eig}_5, \text{eig}_6, \text{eig}_7, \text{eig}_8, \text{eig}_9, \text{eig}_{10} \}$. Then \mathcal{B}'''' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^{10} and \mathcal{B}'''' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^{10} .

Let $\mathcal{B}''''' = \{ \text{eig}_1, \text{eig}_2, \text{eig}_3, \text{eig}_4, \text{eig}_5, \text{eig}_6, \text{eig}_7, \text{eig}_8, \text{eig}_9, \text{eig}_{10}, \text{eig}_{11} \}$. Then \mathcal{B}''''' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^{11} and \mathcal{B}''''' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^{11} .

Let $\mathcal{B}''''''' = \{ \text{eig}_1, \text{eig}_2, \text{eig}_3, \text{eig}_4, \text{eig}_5, \text{eig}_6, \text{eig}_7, \text{eig}_8, \text{eig}_9, \text{eig}_{10}, \text{eig}_{11}, \text{eig}_{12} \}$. Then \mathcal{B}''''''' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^{12} and \mathcal{B}''''''' is a basis for \mathbb{R}^{12} .

NOTES

TO

CAMBRIA.



Note 1, page 1, line 3.

"When tyrant Edward, with ferocious band."

Llewellyn Prince of Wales, had been closely connected with the Montfort family in the reign of Henry the 3rd, and though Leicester and his faction fell before the vigorous arm of prince Edward, yet the remains of hostility then engendered continued to exist in the bosoms of both princes; and on the accession of Edward in 1272, Llewellyn refused to pay him the claim of homage as his superior lord. Rightly anticipating the consequence of such refusal, he in order to strengthen himself against a prince, so confessedly warlike and powerful, resolved on forming an alliance, with the remains of the Montfort family; and accordingly in 1276 demanded in marriage, the hand of Elenor, daughter of the late earl of Leicester, then a protegee, of Philip King of France. The French King acceding to his request,

Elenor embarked for Wales, escorted by her brother Aumeri—but the vessel being captured at sea, the betrothed princess was sent a state prisoner to the court of Edward, and her brother committed to Corfe Castle. A war ensued, very disadvantageous to the Welsh, and on the establishment of a peace by treaty, one of the principal articles was, the acknowledgment of Llewellyn's allegiance to the English crown.

The oath of fealty taken, Edward delivered up Elenor, whose nuptials with the Welsh prince were celebrated at the English court with extraordinary pomp and magnificence, in the presence of the King, and principal nobility. The peace between the two sovereigns, remained inviolable until 1281, when the Welsh in consequence of the rapacity, extortion and violence of the English officers, who bloated with all the insolence of authority, thought of nothing but oppressing the unhappy natives, applied to their prince for redress. Llewellyn, made frequent, but ineffectual remonstrances to Edward: when the Welsh driven to desperation, resolved either to compel justice with the sword, from their powerful foe, or nobly perish on the wreck of their liberties. Edward on hearing their intention, assembled a mighty army, and vowed to annihilate the government of Wales, and extirpate every vestige of its ancient independence: he accordingly in the spring 1282 marched into the country; when Llewellyn and David his brother acting in concert, retired to their fastnesses in Snowden, where they succeeded in cutting off near 1500 of the invaders in their passage through the woods. Prince David still remaining in Snowden with a portion of the army to guard this important hold, the other part with Llewellyn at their head, marched through Radnorshire

against the main body of the English, but being surprised by a powerful detachment under the command of Mortimer, himself was slain with 2000 of his followers and his whole army totally routed.

After the death of their sovereign, the Welsh made little effort, to support their tottering state; many to avoid worse consequences submitted to a power they were unable to resist. The unhappy David retired to the woods and fastnesses of the mountains, and after being for a long time hunted from hill to hill, and suffering the greatest distresses, was at last delivered up by his false countrymen, and Edward to his eternal disgrace ordered this sovereign prince, to be hanged, drawn and quartered :—a punishment doubtless merited, by his exertions to defend the rights of his native country, and the throne of his inheritance.

Note 2, page 3, line 18.

"He bore my regal son, in scorn away—"

Adam de Frampton, by whom Llewellyn was slain, cut off his head, and bore it as a grateful present to the sanguinary Edward, then encamped at Conway. The king, immediately sent the dishonoured head to London, where it was carried through the streets in a cart, on the point of a lance, crowned with a silver circlet, in contempt of a prophecy of Merlin, who had predicted that one of the race of Llewellyn should ride through the streets of London with a crown upon his head, and be the restorer of Brutus' empire in Britain. It was subsequently, placed on a pillory in Cheapside, from whence it

was conveyed to the Tower, and crowned in solemn mockery with a wreath of ivy, and then by order of the king, affixed on the point of a staff, erected for the purpose on the top of that fortress.

Note 3, page 13, line 1.

"*Where Cader-Idris, lifts his brow sublime,*"

Cader-Idris, one of the most stupendous mountains of North Wales, situate in Merionethshire.

Note 4, page 19, line 7.—See note 1.

RAYMOND.

" ————— Night ! even in the zenith of her dark domain,
" Is sunshine, to the colour of my fate."

YOUNG.

• 100 •

100 200 300

RAYMOND.



THE clang of battle, died away,
In murmers o'er the bounding main;—
And Cynthia rose, with silver ray—
Across the deep ensanguin'd plain:
She look'd as gay—as fair—as bright—
As though it were a festal night!
She reck'd not, 'twas the feast of death,
Where many a hero gasp'd for breath;
She heeded not, the rending groans,
The bitter sighs, and piercing moans,
Which rung from many a bleeding heart,
That stung, with more than mortal smart:

Insulting Memory's ruthless hand
In that tremendous hour—
Pourtray'd the soldier's native land,
His home, his peaceful bower !
She show'd his frantic, widow'd love—
He heard his orphans cry !
She bade his honest bosom prove,
'Twas bitterness to die !

Earl RAYMOND, in whose noble breast,
The flames of martial valour glow'd—
Sought, in the arms of balmy rest,
Release from care's oppressive load :—
When lo ! a maiden's touching wail,
Was borne upon the gentle gale ;
Such plaints, alas ! as only rise,
When all we've lov'd below the skies,
Hath vanish'd from the mortal sight,
In death's eternal starless night.

The Warrior rose, and bent his way,
To whence he heard the sound—
Where lo ! a dying soldier lay,
Stretch'd on the blood-stain'd ground :
Beside him, knelt in frantic mood,
A lovely Highland Maid ;
Who strove, to staunch life's ebbing flood,
With her own scarf of plaid.
The moon-beam, kiss'd her bosom fair,
White, as her mountain's snow,
Veil'd only, by her golden hair,
But gem'd, with tears of woe.
Her cheek was pale—where nature kind,
Had lavish'd every grace ;
Each virtue, that exalts the mind,
Beam'd in her angel face.

The Earl too, knelt in reverence by,
And gently rais'd the sufferer's head,

Who, fix'd on Heaven, his glazing eye,

And on his child, a blessing shed :—

“ Protect her, thou Eternal power !”

“ In fervent prayer, the soldier sigh'd ;

“ Support her, in this dreadful hour,

“ And let no future ills, betide ;

“ Oh ! guard her weak, defenceless youth,

“ 'Mid danger's thorny way,

“ And from the paths of holy Truth,

“ Oh, let her never stray !”—

“ — Say ?—Dar'st thou, reverend man, confide

“ Thy child to me ?” Earl Raymond cried,

“ By virtue's holy self, I swear !

“ I'll shield her, with a father's care ;—

“ Who, shall her virtuous peace molest,

“ Shall force his way, through RAYMOND's breast !”

“ Thanks, noble Knight ! her dying Sire,

“ Accepts the generous vow ;

" In peace, my life shall now expire ;

" Oh, weep not, MARIAN, now !"

He heav'd a sigh—the blood gush'd fast,

From his deep wounded breast—

Alas, poor MARIAN !—'twas his last,

Thy Father's gone to rest !

To safe asylum, o'er the glade,

The Earl, withdrew the weeping Maid ;

To where, before the birth of morn,

Her Sire's belov'd remains were borne,

From 'midst the less distinguish'd dead,

Promiscuous heap'd, on honour's bed :

His aged limbs, now, decent laid,

The rites of sepulture, were paid ;

And honours, as beseem the brave, .

Were paid, around the Warrior's grave ;

A monument to mark the spot,

The God of War, permitted not :

His thundering voice, with loud alarms,
Recall'd each generous chief to arms :
Bellowing he rush'd, o'er all the plain,
Desiring more, though gorg'd with slain :
And omen vultures, scream'd aloud,
Impatient in the thirst of blood.

Now lance, and spear, and sword and shield,
Shone horrid, o'er th' embattled field ;
For starting from the couch of night,
Sol, shed around terrific light ;
Each host, appear'd a grove of flame,
Whose fury, nought but blood might tame.
As angry lions, strong in might,
Fierce rush the combatants to fight ;
Like rolling waves, when whirlwinds sweep
The stormy surface of the deep ;
And steadfast, in the fearful strife,
Each seem'd as prodigal of life :
For Victory, with delusive mein,
'Mid either host, by turns was seen,

Nor had the cheat, repaid their pain,
When night enwrapp'd the broad champaign.

Three days, her absent guardian knight,

The hapless Marian mourn'd ;

The fourth, at morning's early light,

That anxious chief return'd :—

A stranger she, to gentle sleep,

While night yet reign'd in gloom,

Had left her couch, to sit and weep,

Beside her father's tomb.

O'er her fair arm, of stainless snow,

Her pallid cheek, reclin'd ;

While springing floods, of mighty woe,

Burst from her broken mind.

Weak—helpless—in a hostile land,

With none, to soothe her grief,

(For one was absent, whose lov'd hand,

Alone might bring relief ;)

She woo'd the friendly hand of death,
For erring fame, had told,
Her Guardian, paid his life's last breath,
Midst many a brave and bold—
And still, unconscious he was nigh,
She blest his memory dear,
Pour'd o'er his fate, a rending sigh,
And virtue's purest tear.
Each smote his soul—that precious gem,
That blessing on his name,
Were worth, a monarch's diadem,
Or proudest breath of fame !
He spoke—a faint and feeble cry,
Responded to the sound,
The mourner, clos'd her heav'nly eye,
And sunk upon the mound.

With pain, Earl Raymond, many a week,
Despite of all his care,
Beheld, upon her lovely cheek,
The impress of despair.

When the fair sun unveils his face,
When tempests wrap the skies,
To gild the gloom, he cannot chase,
And bid the rainbow rise ;
We feel his beauties, such an hour
By contrast with the gloom—
Far more, than when supreme in power,
He fills th' ethereal dome.
Such, o'er sweet MARIAN's fine-wrought soul,
Her patron's goodness shone ;
Grateful, she struggled to controul
The griefs, which bore her down ;
Her generous efforts, charm'd the Knight,
Who fond, delighted saw
Returning tints, of roseate light,
Dispel the shades of woe.

And now, she shone above compeer,
A star of brightest ray,
Fair, as the glowing harbinger,
That lights the infant day.

A truce ensu'd—the hostile powers,
Agreed to stop the mortal flood ;
And eight fair months, the winged hours
Flew to their goal, unstain'd by blood.
Too brief their space—yet such relief,
Was like the joy, succeeding grief,
The sudden calm of rending pain,
Or sudden sleep of stormy main :
'Twas welcome, though not full release,
Suspended war, not final peace !
For watchfulness, was needful still,
To guard from treason, fraud, or ill.
The martial Raymond's lofty soul,
Own'd deep affection's high controul !
His Marian's worth, his breast inspir'd,
And bound the heart, her beauty fir'd ;
The hours, on rosy wings flew by,
In her belov'd society ;
He seem'd to live, but, in her smile,
Where feeling shone, devoid of guile,

And fondly long'd, each name to blend,
Protector—patron—lover—friend !
In one, by closer links allied,
And make the Highland fair, his bride.

And was that Highland bosom cold ? .
O, no !—'twas fram'd of softest mould
'Twas full of sentiment, and truth,
Improv'd by all the fire of youth ;
To him, was all its ardour given,
Her only solace under heav'n :—
She blest his vows, and gave her charms,
In hymen's temple to his arms.

Adjacent, midst a shady wood,
A stately castle-fortress stood,
Where, safe from scenes of hostile strife,
The soldier plac'd his beauteous wife .
For by a general's honour chain'd,
He still, to rule the camp, remain'd

Each hour, from duty set apart,

He gave the empress of his heart :

"Twas bliss supreme—"twas heav'n below—

For still, some latent charm,

Surpris'd the Chief, with sudden glow,

In nativé beauties warm.

But joy's fair sun, however bright,

Its soul-inspiring ray,

Oft, in the gloom of starless night,

Will sudden sink away,

Alas, that e'er one jealous sigh,

One misbelieving fear,

Should blight such pure felicity,

And cloud a sky so clear !

In RAYMOND's ear, the tongue of Fame,

Had dar'd, to brand his Marian's name !

Told, how a hated rival's arms,

Encircled oft, those matchless charms,

When her high lord, at honor's post,

Was absent, with the distant host !

He heard, and all his martial breast,
Seem'd as by death's cold hand oppress'd ;
His brow, sweat drops of agony,
And vision fled his glazy eye ;
But not so dim, the mental light,
One object to th' internal sight,
Stood forth, by feverish fancy wrought,
A picture, with distraction fraught ;—
That peerless, lovely thing, so late
Esteem'd the choicest gift of fate
Polluted, self-debas'd he saw,
Clasp'd by a rival, thence his foe !
Like a chaf'd lion, thence his ire,
Gleam'd o'er his livid brow—its fire,
Re-lit his rolling eye—his tone,
Made his design, and purpose known,
More than his language—words half-born,
Died on his lip, convuls'd by scorn ;
For scorn, with vengeance—pride with grief,
Mounting to madness, mock'd relief !—

But hap'ly, for his sentenc'd wife,
The force, of that tempestuous strife,
Secur'd her from the dread decree—
The forfeit of delinquency.

A ruptur'd vein, forbade the blow,
Forc'd him reluctant, to forego,
His destin'd purpose.—Marian's ear,
Soon caught the tale, replete with fear,
Of Raymond's sickness—swift she flew,
To his encampment—scene not new !

A Soldier's Child—a Soldier's Wife—
Yet lov'd she not the scene of strife ;
Timid as fair !—why sought she then,
Her suff'ring Lord, 'midst armed men ?

Felt she repentance', healing force,
Wrought by that power, yclep'd Remorse ?
Sought she by kindness, to atone
For wrongs, she thought in secret done ?

His couch with her repentant tear,
To wash from stains, she'd printed there ?

That couch was gain'd, whate'er her mind,
Naught earthly, e'er seem'd so refin'd ;
To guiltless—tender—chaste—and bright—
Her ravish'd husband's dazzled sight,
Saw naught but beauty, virtue, love,
Which bade his ire forget to move :
And soon, her soft attentions stole,
The slumbering venom, from his soul,
And half he blush'd, whene'er he thought,
On pangs by that idea wrought,
When first he deem'd her faithless—how !
Could aught so fair disgrace her vow ?
Could he suspect her seeming truth,
Sweet Innocence, and blushing Youth ?
Could he suspect her angel smile,
So seeming bland—so void of guile !
No ! 'twas too much !—he strove to quell
His bosom's agitated swell,
Nor with upbraidings, stung the ear,
Of her, that bosom lov'd so dear,

But jealousy, can't wholly die,
Though it perchance may sleep ;
Not seldom, veil'd from human eye,
Its rankling course 'twill keep :
Yet where the daemon lifts her wand,
The dove of peace, takes flight ;
Joy's fairest blossoms, 'neath her hand,
Droop in eternal blight.

The truce was past—the mortal war,
Was soon to be renew'd :
The morrow even's vesper star,
Was doom'd to rise in blood.

Earl Raymond, now to health restor'd,
Resum'd his high command,
Foremost amidst the brave, he stood,
The noblest, of his land :
Long ere the dawn, the chief withdrew
And sought his Marian's tower,
T' indulge a tender brief adieu,
Ere sunlight's sickening hour.

But who, his feelings shall relate,
That heart dissolving throe !

When as he near'd, his castle gate
That graceful form, he saw,
Clasp'd, in a highland youth's embrace,
Prepar'd to ride away—

Heard her, while tears roll'd down her face,
Intreat a longer stay ?

“ Alas !” she cried, “ before 'tis night,
“ Some dreaded stroke, may tear,
“ Forever, from thy Marian's sight,
“ The one, she loves so dear.”

The soldier fled—o'er Raymond's breast,
Now, full conviction stole ;
Madness again, his brain possess'd,
And vengeance too his soul :

He fiercely drew, his gleaming blade,
Which never had, his hand betray'd,
And smote the form, he'd lov'd so well,
With ghastly wound—supine, she fell,

He saw life's purple current flow,
Deep mingling, with her bosom's snow ;
And turn'd away, with anguish'd pain,
And wildly, sought the battle plain ;
There fought, and won the bloody field,
Yet still pursu'd the foe—
'Gainst mercy's prayer his breast was steel'd
'Gainst all—save ire and woe.

He forthwith, led his conquering host,
And all his vassals brave,
In safety to Old England's coast
Across the deep blue wave.
The martial hero's laurell'd crown,
Fame, plac'd on Raymond's head,
And every star, of bright renown,
Amidst its foliage shed.
He visited his rich domain,
His dear paternal halls,
But smiling Peace, with all her train,
Affrighted fled his walls—

Reflection's, torturing hand, display'd
His lov'd, his murder'd Marian's shade !
He still, beheld the crimson tide,
Deep issuing from her wounded side :
Wild anguish, o'er his bosom roll'd,
His breast, was torn by woe :—
“ Yet did I not,” he cried, “ behold,
“ Around her neck of snow,
“ The foul adulterer's arm, entwin'd ?
“ Did I not, hear her tell,
“ While sorrow shook her faithless mind,
“ She lov'd, the dæmon well ?”—
He then, beheld the vengeance just,
Which, in that moment burn'd ;
Which sentenc'd, to the silent dust,
The wife his bosom mourn'd :—
But was there comfort, in the thought ?
No !—memory turn'd away,
To those blest scenes, with rapture fraught,
Through many a vanish'd day ;

When love was faith—and all his breast,
'Neath Marian's heav'nly smile was blest.
Yet e'en from thence, no cheering ray,
Arose to gild his darksome way—
The retrospect, of scenes so fair,
But sunk him deeper in despair !
No more, he sought the festive bower,
No more, he join'd the mirthful hour ;
In vain, might music's tones invite,
His harrow'd soul, to taste delight,
Absorb'd by silent, moody woe,
He shun'd alike, both friend, and foe.

He veil'd beneath a monkish stole,
His silver corslet fair ;
Exchang'd his helmet, for a cowl,
And for a staff, his spear—
Then Raymond, left his princely seat,
And rov'd from east to west,
He sought the child of want's, retreat,
And all its woes redress'd :—

Where e'er he mov'd, the widow's prayer,

And orphan's balmy sigh,

With grateful blessings fill'd the air,

And scal'd the bounding sky :

His heart was form'd for deeds of truth

And bounty rul'd his hand ;

Earl Raymond stood, in pride of youth,

The honour of his land !

One eve, what time fair Vesper deigns,

Her glories, to display—

As o'er Britannia's northern plains,

The Earl pursu'd his way ;

He met a Knight, with Lady fair,

Bound like a culprit slave ;

She look'd on Raymond, in despair,

And cried " Oh ! Father save ! "

The soft appeal, was not in vain,

He seiz'd her proud companion's rein,

And bad him on his faith, declare,

His right, to hold the captive fair !

“ Away, away !”—with haughty pride,
The fierce Earl Reginald, replied ;
“ Dar’st thou, mad priest ! presume to thwart,
“ Or probe, the counsels of my heart ?—
“ Hence ! while my vengeful arm may spare,
“ In reverence to the garb you wear !”
He spurr’d his courser, in disdain—
But Raymond’s hand, still held his rein ,
The goaded steed, to breeding true,
With sudden whirl, impetuous flew,
Hurling its proud, and lordly trust,
With foul concussion in the dust :
He rose, with imprecations dire,
And drew his sword with vengeful ire ;
Nor, was the noble Raymond slow,
To meet his fierce insulting foe !
He cast his priestly vest, aside,
And stood array’d in martial pride :
In form a Mars, in air, and face,
Breathing Apollo’s finish’d grace,

Determin'd as some mighty rock,
That braves the elemental shock :—
Amazement, fill'd his foe-man's eyes,
To see him burst his deep disguise !
Then each in combat fierce, engag'd,
And doubtful long the conflict wag'd :—
The captive fair, with tearful eye,
Distraught by fear, sate trembling by.

The other's aims each parried still,
With dext'rous scientific skill,
Until his adversary's blade
In Raymond's side, an opening made ;
But not momentous :—fate soon gave,
Atoning vengeance, to his glave,
For soon he sprung, with agile bound
And to his heart, an entrance found :—
He fell !—and while his mortal sight,
Was sinking, in eternal night ;
Deep curses hung upon his breath,
Half utter'd, half suppress'd, by death :

But they were lost on him, who stood,
And shed in virtue's cause, his blood !

He, turning to the Lady bright,
Unbound her fetter'd charms,

Who, courteous thank'd her champion knight,
Half swooning in his arms.

" Oh ! bear me gentle knight again,"
She said to Osmond's hall,

From whence, the wretch thine arm hath slain,
This day his daughter stole.

Fair Evelina's charms, inspir'd,
Earl Reginald's proud breast ;

And all his soul, with passion fir'd,
Too fierce to be repress'd :

The noble maiden, scorn'd his love,
And all his suit denied ;

She vow'd, by every saint above,
She ne'er would be his bride :—

Indignant at her high disdain,
He swore, her pride should bow ;

And sought by treacherous wile to gain,
The object of his vow !
That day, as o'er the neighbouring plain,
The maiden chanc'd to stray ;
Assisted by a ruffian train,
He bore her bound away !

Now, on the weary trav'ller's sight,
Proud battlements arise,
Illumin'd by the queen of night,
Bright blending with the skies :—
The warder, blows a ringing blast,
The heavy draw-bridge falls ;
Again, (each well-known portal past,)
She treads her father's halls :—
The baron, blest the valiant knight,
And o'er his darling's head,
The soul-warm tear of true delight
With fond affection shed.

Lord Osmond, was a borderer,
Renown'd for wealth and power,
But more for her, his daughter dear,
Britannia's northern flower !
Sole fount, of all his hopes on earth,
His solace and his pride ;
For in the hour, which saw her birth,
His beauteous consort died.
Six days a princely feast he gave,
In honor of his guest ;
And all the neighb'ring fair, and brave,
To share his banquet prest :—
He bad the sweetly vocal shell,
The silver sounding lyre,
With deepest tones of rapture swell,
And burst each quivering wire :
He bath'd Mirth's laughing, rosy cheek,
In cups of sparkling wine ;
And bade each youth the myrtle seek,
To weave amid the vine.

Earl Raymond's soul, forgot its grief ;
Here found from woe, a sweet relief :—
Again he mov'd, with airy bound,
'Mid smiling pleasure's frolic round :—
Fair Evelina, held a spell,
Whose power, could all his transports quell !
Her potent smile, could e'en remove,
The image of his bleeding love ;
He mark'd the virtues, that combin'd
To dignify, her noble mind ;
He mark'd the ray of feeling, bright,
Which warm'd her eye, of chasten'd light ;
An eye, whose soul inspiring thrill,
Bound each beholder, to its will.
Earl Raymond sought, and won the fair,
Who, all his wishes crown'd ;
Her tender love subdued his care,
And heal'd each bleeding wound :
Lord Osmond, blest his children twain,
The objects of his pride ;

When Raymond, to his own domain,

Convey'd her, as his bride.

Again, the friends of early youth,

Re-trod his native halls ;

And friendship, virtue, peace and truth,

Abode within his walls.

Twelve months, by bliss were counted o'er ;

Love, blest the noble pair,

For Lady Evelina bore,

A beauteous infant heir :

The Earl, receiv'd the smiling boy,

And clasp'd him to his breast ;

And own'd, with father's fondest joy,

His lot was more than blest !

The cherub grew—but fate again

Call'd Raymond to the battle plain ;—

Again, Bellona lash'd her car,

And loos'd, the prison'd fiends of war :

He prest his Lady, to his heart,

To whom, 'twas worse than death to part ;—

And while emotions, shook his soul,
He labour'd vainly, to control,
A boding, from his bosom's core,
Proclaim'd, "*we part to meet no more !*"
He kiss'd his boy—the big tear fell—
As he pronounc'd, the last Farewell.

The Countess, watch'd with frantic pain,
His swelling, milk-white sail,
Glide swiftly o'er the rolling main,
Before the favoring gale.
She gaz'd, till e'en to Fancy's eye,
The speck, appear'd no more ;
Then heav'd an agonizing sigh,
And sank upon the shore.

Still, Raymond's stately prow, divides
The curling, deep blue wave ;
And safe i' th' destin'd haven rides,
With all his marshall'd brave :—
But who, shall paint the thoughts that roll,
In burning anguish, o'er his soul ?

“ Mistaken Knight ! behold in me,
“ (The object, of your jealousy,)
“ The brother, of your angel wife !
“ Who, yet inhales the breath of life :—
“ Nay, start not thus, my Lord ! but hear,
“ While yet my tongue may tell—
“ May justify, that sister dear,
“ My bosom loves so well !
“ Know, when the fair became your spouse,
“ I, (then unknown to fame)
“ Seal'd Marian's lips, with solemn vows,
“ To veil my humble name ;
“ Till, I should win a fair renown,
“ My soul, with honest pride,
“ Forbad me, e'er presume to own,
“ Myself, to you allied :—
“ She kept her vow, that fatal morn,
“ Remember'd but too well—
“ I left the camp, long e'er the dawn,
“ To take a sad farewell :

“ Alas ! my Lord, what else ensued,
“ ’Twere needless to relate ;
“ You sought, in Marian’s generous blood,
“ To quench your frantic hate ;
“ But Mercy, quite unnerv’d your arm,
“ She yet survives the blow ;
“ Though Sorrow’s hand, on every charm
“ Hath set the print of woe.
“ When first she prov’d her lord had fled,
“ Distraction seiz’d her brain ;
“ She sought, amidst the silent dead,
“ A refuge from her pain ;
“ But I, yet near, with watchful care,
“ Preserv’d her precious life ;
“ And though the victim of despair,
“ She breathes, your faithful wife :
“ I die—her husband to restore,
“ And glory in my fall !”
But ah, a sob ! he could no more,
The hero gave his all

O Fancy ! thou whose lynx-like eye,
Alone, such feelings may'st descry ;
Assist the Reason, to survey,
The adder, griefs, that fiercely prey,
That drink the life, of Raymond's heart,
Convuls'd with more than mortal smart !
He flew, with wildness, that sad hour
To seek his Marian's widow'd bower ;
Again, beheld—that well-known face,
Though pale, replete with finish'd grace :
Again, with breaking heart, he prest,
The injur'd beauty, to his breast ;
Again, beheld that tender truth,
Which charm'd his soul in early youth—
Bright, beautiful, and glowing still,
Undimm'd, unchang'd, by all her ill !

But reason burst her fretted cell,
Deep madness rul'd his brain !
Naught could his raving transports quell,
His heart was rent in twain ;—

He wildly, caught his gleaming glave,
And plung'd it in his breast ;
Oh that a soul, so high, so brave,
Should know no other rest !

Alas, poor Marian ! that bright chain,
Which bound to life, and sweeten'd pain,
Her cherish'd hope, her only one,
Was burst—dissolv'd—for ever gone !

She shed no tear, she heav'd no sigh,
Grief, drank the font of feeling dry ;—
Like a scath'd, lovely, flower she stood,
A blossom, wither'd in its bud—

She fell, despairing, where her Raymond lay,
And breath'd, her melancholy soul away !

SONG.

Lullaby, my sweet baby ! hush ! hush thee my dear !
Though the wind whistles shrilly, thou'st nothing to fear ;
Thy Mother's beside thee, whose eye cannot sleep,
Through the watches of night, she must waken and weep.

Yet rest thou unconscious, my solace, and stay !
Thy innocence ken's not, thy father's away :
Alas ! even now, on the murderous plain,
Perhaps that bold father, in battle lies slain.

Protect him, ye angels who shelter the brave,
And bear him safe back, o'er the perilous wave ;
Oh, then with what rapture, what exquisite joy,
Will he clasp to his bosom, his love and his boy.

Thus, Lady Evelina sung,
Sad, watching o'er her child ;
Far, on the midnight air it rung,
In numbers sweet and wild :
Hope's glowing, though delusive ray,
Athwart her spirit shone,
Whose power yet kept despair at bay,
And sooth'd affliction's moan.
Anticipated joys, are bright,
They sweeten human ill ;

Howe'er illusive to the sight,

They glow, and glitter still !

At length, the fatal tidings came,

Incumbent on the wing of fame !

Lord Osmond heard with anguish wild

And wept, the fortunes of his child :

Yet wisely veil'd, the mystic cause,

Of all her Raymond's rending woes ;

Told her, in glory's combat slain,

He fell, upon the battle plain :

She heard ! and frantic with despair,

In wildness, tore her lovely hair ;

Her cheeks bright rose, forgot to blow,

Her radiant eyes, forgot to glow,

Save, with that wild, terrific fire,

Which frenzy's impulses inspire :

Even her blooming infant boy,

The darling object of her joy !

She view'd with apathy profound,

And disregarded all around :

Yet rest thou unconscious, my solace, and stay !
Thy innocence ken's not, thy father's away :
Alas ! even now, on the murderous plain,
Perhaps that bold father, in battle lies slain.

Protect him, ye angels who shelter the brave,
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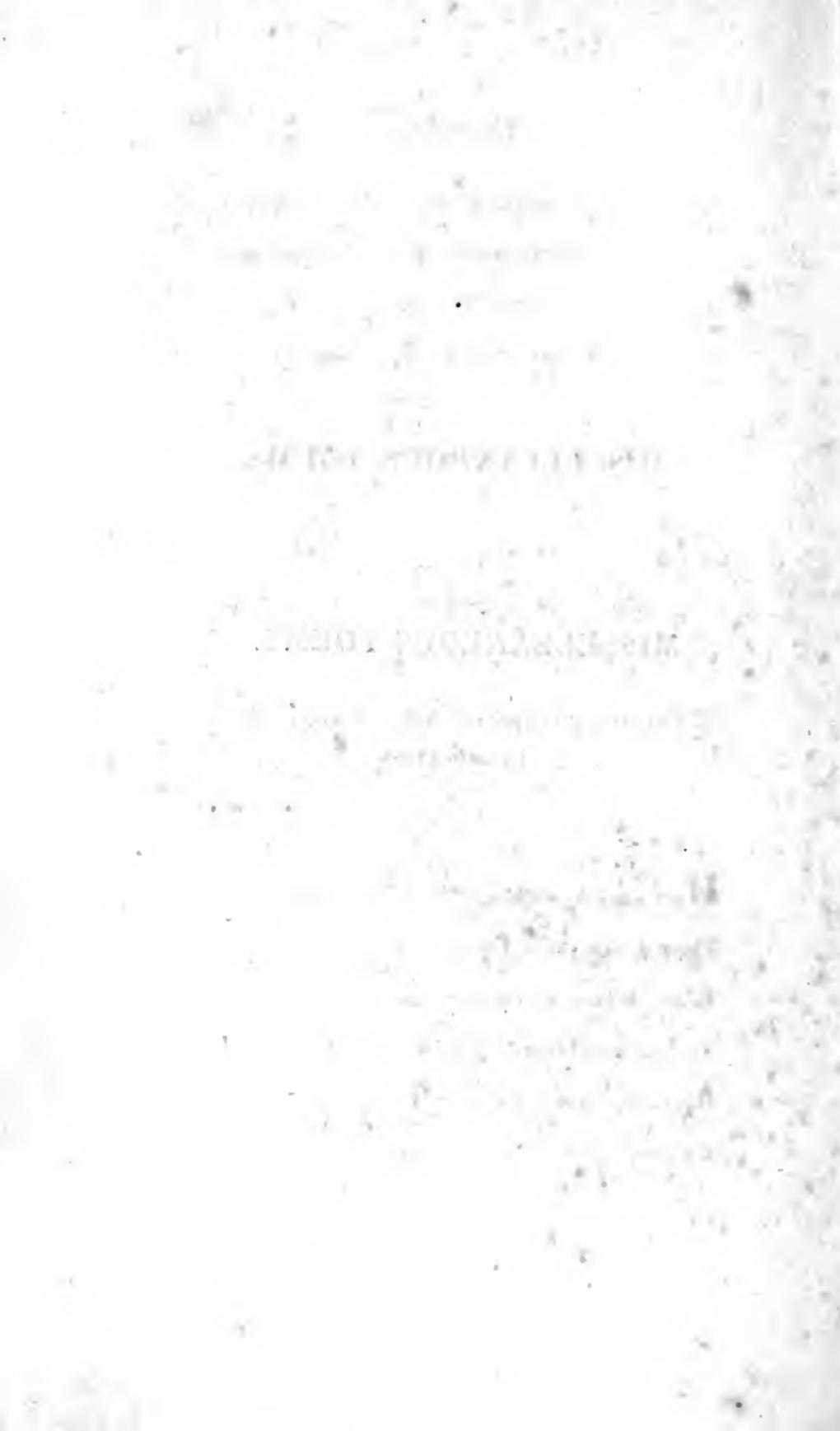
The darling object of her joy !

She view'd with apathy profound,

And disregarded all around :

She rush'd, unseen, one fatal hour,
And clim'd the castle's topmost tower,
And in the wave, that roll'd beneath,
Leap'd wildly in the arms of death !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



AN ADDRESS WRITTEN FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

HAIL kind Assemblage ! how shall I impart,
The joy, that thrills this moment through my heart ;—
To see, so large a concourse, here attend,
To *feel*, each bosom, beats the *Children's Friend* ?
Hope, love, and gratitude, my soul inspire,
For *you*, will aid, each infantine desire !

Yes, my companions ! we have naught to fear,
For see ! behold, our Benefactors here !
We shall not famish for the light of Truth,
The bread of life, the blessing of our Youth ;
These come, resolv'd to aid the blest design,
Whose end, and purpose are, alike *divine*.

Permit ye Patrons, on this happy day,
An humble Child, *our* grateful thanks to pay ;
To *you*, whose kind assistance put to flight,
The gloomy chaos of primeval night :
Low in the depths of ignorance we lay,
'Twas you, who turn'd our darkness into day ;
Recall'd us, from the paths of guilt we trod,
And led our souls, by knowledge up to God :
By *you*, are we enabled to behold,
The gospel treasures, richer far than gold ;
There do we learn, how Jesus wept, and bled,
And even bow'd to death, his radiant head,
To save us children, who in Adam fell,
From death's dominion and the bonds of hell.

With *general knowledge too*, our minds expand,
Thanks to each generous heart, and willing hand !
But whilst the glorious work is incomplete,
Permit me still, your succours to intreat ;
And for each loan, you generously impart,
Each Child, shall give its *all*, a *grateful heart* !

I see, I see, I shall not plead in vain,
Witness each kindling brow ! each swelling vein !
I read it in each tear that gems the eye !
I hear its promise in each balmy sigh !
Tacit, but oh ! emphatic is their voice,
Hope gladdens ! and our inmost hearts rejoice.
To you, lov'd Teachers ! whose paternal hearts,
We know partake the joy this scene imparts ;
What shall I say ? How can my lisping tongue
Pronounce the praises that to you belong ?
I stand reprov'd !—each honor'd look I read,
With modest worth, forbids me to proceed :
I know each bosom, will with warmth repeat
It was a sacred *task*—a *duty sweet* !

How can we children, all this goodness pay ?
Our thanks are poor !—but yet 'tis *all we may* ;—
No ! yet not all ! Thou great eternal Power
That smil'st upon us this auspicious hour ;
Oh ! hear our prayers—reward their pious care,
Let each through life, thy choicest blessings share :
Bless all who aid our cause, and thine this day,
With tenfold interest, all their gifts repay,
Inspire their generous souls with holy love,
And lead them on to starry thrones above.
Bless us, Lord ! and from thy holy way,
Forbid our youthful feet, to turn astray :
Oh ! be it ours, to prove Thee, to the end,
What Thou hast ever been, thy *Children's Friend* !

Through future years, (should Heaven protract our
span,
Till time shall swell the infant into *man* ;
When sage Experience, hath inform'd our powers,
Of the full value of these golden hours,)

How shall our souls o'erflow, with prayer and praise,
For those who sav'd us from dark Error's maze !



AN EVENING ADDRESS FOR THE SAME.

WITH what delight, we view the orb of day,
In the full splendour of his noon-tide ray !
When in his zenith, glorious to behold,
He laves all nature in a sea of gold ;
Our bosoms glow—our hearts expand the while,
And glad, partake the universal smile !
Nor less at eve—when from the azure plain,
On the soft bosom of the Western main,
He sinks effulgent, though with fainter blaze,
And to creation, sends his farewell rays :
Not less the joy !—though calmer, more serene,
With which we contemplate this lovely scene ;

And when his latest tints, have died away,
And silent night, succeeds to busy day ;
Grateful we feel, he will with morn arise,
And take his station, in the glowing skies.

You, generous friends ! have been to us, this day,
What are the beams, of Sol's meridian ray :
You deign'd to smile, upon our infant band,
And lent us succours, with a liberal hand ;
Dispell'd each cloud, that dimm'd our humble sky,
And kind, forbad our cherish'd hopes, to die.
Again, each cheering face at eve, we scan,
Intent to aid instruction's noble plan ;
And thus the day, that rich in blessings rose,
With sweet benevolence you kindly close.
Nor rest we here :—for, as tomorrow's sun,
Bright as to-day, his radiant course will run ;
We draw alike, from present, and from past,
The sweet assurance, that your care shall last .
While Want, and Ignorance, together dwell,
Close leagu'd, to drag the human soul to Hell ;

Whilst Vice, maintains her desolating rule,
Or Misery's babes, shall need a Sunday School,
Your hearts, alive to generous pity's laws,
No ! never, never ! will desert our cause !

To Thee, O Father ! King of earth and heav'n,
Sole fount of light, to Thee our thanks are giv'n !
Bless those who swell our little, from their store,
And Oh ! repay them with abundance more !



TO CONTENT.

HAIL ! thou nymph, of sober mein,
Of placid eye, and look serene !
How I love to see thy face,
Fraught with every modest grace ,
Deign, ever near thy votary to dwell,
And make, Oh ! make my heart, thy choicest cell.

When fortune low'rs, and frowning skies,
In whirling tempests, wildly rise,
Thou mock'st their fury, scorn'st their power,
And stand'st unmov'd, in darkest hour ;
Bend'st thy meek head, before the sweeping storm,
That vainly rages, o'er thy heav'nly form.

Thou sweetest good, by heav'n design'd,
To bless the philosophic mind !
Thou tak'st the sting, from woe and pain,
Despair, far flying, owns thy reign ;
Thou sweetly bath'st the weary'd, woe-fraught soul,
Where soft tranquillity's bland waters roll.

Thou self-existent heaven-born guest !
Thou tenant of each virtuous breast !
May'st thou support, and cheer my way,
Throughout life's brief, and gloomy day :
And when death's angel, claims his plighted bride,
May'st thou, sit smiling, sweetly by my side !

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HER GRACE

GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Long must ye weep ! long must ye weep !

Yea long, must sorrow's children mourn !

Georgiana, sleeps, the dreamless sleep,

And Virtue sorrows o'er her urn !

Hush ! break not on the sacred grief,

Which rends her noble husband's breast ;

Where may his pangs obtain relief ?

Ah ! what shall charm such woes to rest ?

No more, that chastly beaming eye,

So full of soul, so soft and bright,

May smile on him sweet sympathy,

And wake his bosom to delight !

See ! Mercy, daughter of the sky,

Descending from her starry sphere,

With her sweet sister, Charity,

To weep, above their darling's bier :—

For Mercy, nurs'd the noble dame,
And fann'd her bosom's generous fire :
Oh ! let her virtuous glowing fame,
But with Newcastle's name expire.

Oh ! why did heav'n such worth remove,
And rob mankind of so much bliss ?
He listed her, to worlds above,
Who, saw her soul too pure for this.



ON THE SAME.

I mark'd her glide, along the dance,
The first and fairest there ;
I mark'd her dark eyes witching glance,
To feeling bosoms dear :

I caught the echo of her fame,
 From an admiring crowd ;
 But now, that high and noble dame,
 Sleeps in her dewey shroud.

Alas ! the proudest, of the land,

Is bending, o'er her bier ;

E'en he, to whom her snowy hand

Was pledg'd with faith sincere :

Like the majestic swan, his fate

He mourns with ceaseless pain,

For another, such another mate,

He ne'er must know again.

At tranquil eve, each vale and dell,

Shall to her honour ring ;

Each bard, shall strike the sweet voic'd shell,

And wake, the loudest string :

While hearts are found to worth alive,

Nor dead to beauty's smile ;

So long shall her high name survive,

The glory of our isle.

TO A FRIEND.

Dost thou, who only know'st my sadness
Ask why I wear the mask of sadness ?
Ah ! dost thou think, that I could brook,
That the unfeeling world, should look,
On those deep wounds, 'tis mine to feel
Which Time, hath not the power to heal ?
No, the cold world in all its pride,
Would seemly pitying—but deride !

The glowing flower, on Etna's height,
Blooms not less beautifully bright,
Though, the dread elements beneath,
Be fraught with ruin, flame and death ;
Such is my smile, where heart is not,
So desolate, my bosom's lot—
Th' illusive veil, if torn apart,
Would show the world, a bleeding heart.

Adversity, with fiery wing,
Thou know'st, destroy'd my life's fair spring ;

Misfortune, in my natal hour,
Enthrall'd me by her darkest power,
Bade life's deep cup, with gall o'erflow,
And seal'd her impress o'er my brow ;
Oft hath she bid bright scenes arise,
Only, the Witch ! to tantalize.

Yet 'fore the heartless, and the proud,
The vain, the gay, the idle crowd,
The robe of cheerfulness I wear,
(For scorn's the hardest ill to bear :)
And such is habit's force, I deem
I'm oft well nigh, the thing I seem,
Till somewhat gives my fate to view,
And tears the cicatrice anew.

Wonder no more—on yon dark cloud,
See the sun smiling—'tis his shroud !
Yon day flower too, whose doom is past,
Yet smiles, looks lovely to the last :

Patterns of beauty ! ye impart
A lesson, to the afflicted heart ;
Ye gild with smiles, the darkling gloom,
Which marks your passage to the tomb.



TO A RELATIVE.

DAUGHTER of him, to whom my heart,
Clung with affection true ;
Permit thy Katie, ere we part
To breathe a fond adieu :
Adieu ! dread word ! of deepest pain,
When kindred souls are forc'd in twain.

Bereft of thee, an hermitess,
I midst the crowd shall pine ;
For little, has the world to bless,
Since few have hearts like thine .

Where virtue, dignity unite,
With feeling goodness to delight.

For such an one, I've sought in vain,
Midst those professing fair ;
Then turn'd me from the quest of pain,
Sad victim of despair—
Poor erring thing ! I could not deem,
The stillest was the deepest stream.

Thou, modest, dear, retiring maid,
With bosom fram'd to bless ;
Art like the vi'let of the glade,
Grace of the wilderness !
So though the loadstone do not shine,
There's naught more precious gems the mine.

O, let that generous heart with mine,
In friendship's bower repose ;
Let soft affections round them twine,
And virtue's deathless rose :

May no unholy thing, molest,
To break, or mar their sacred rest.

Oft when were parted, think on me,
Thou dearest maid and best ;
And I will e'er be true to thee,
Thou'l live in Katie's breast :
Her solace, trust, and guiding spell,
But now—adieu—farewell—farewell !

FORGET ME NOT !

When lighter minds, are torn apart,
Slight is the anguish of the heart,
And soon the smart's forgot :
Such is not mine, thou know'st full well !
And what it feels, no tongue can tell—
It sighs, "*forget me not !*"

That only boon, I ask of thee,
Would gild my page of destiny,
Bedimm'd by many a blot ;
As Sol's reviving glorious ray,
Oft drives o'erwhelming gloom away ;
Then O forget me not !

The scathed oak—the blighted flower,
The sun-dried stream—the ruin'd tower,
Are emblems of my lot :—
The heart is sad and desolate,
Yet whilst I strive with adverse fate,
Forget—forget me not !

O ! would that kindred bosoms might,
In sweet Platonic bonds unite,
In some sequester'd spot,
Far from the dull cold world apart;
Naught then, should daunt the yearning heart,
Who's prayer's, forget me not !

But why should'st thou remember me ?

A thing betroth'd to misery,

Were surely best forgot !

Yet all life's ills, would pain me less,

Than proving thy forgetfulness,

Then Oh ! forget me not !



SONG.

Her warrior love departed,

To his vows, his country true ;

And though nigh broken hearted,

Yet she faulter'd forth " adieu ! "

But strove to quell her woman's fears,

And from her noble eye,

She dash'd away the rising tears,

Whilst he stood wond'ring by.

" Go matchless youth ! she firmly said,

" And still by land, or sea,

" With passion undiminished,

" This heart must go with thee ;

" Whilst thou, still to thy fame art true,

" And to thy native land ;

" Without which, never dare to sue,

" A patriot woman's hand."

" Twas inspiration—'twas his fate—

Too well the hero prov'd,

How he esteem'd that mandat's weight,

How well, how deep he lov'd !

Boldest, in danger's front he stood,

'Gainst battles whelming tide ;

Alas ! it cost his heart's best blood,

In glory's strife he died.

His fame soon reach'd that maiden's ear,

Borne on the mournful gale ;

Her eye refus'd its balmy tear,
Above that rending tale !
A light, of more than earthly glow,
Seem'd o'er her brows to play,
" 'Tis well !" she sigh'd, and sinking low,
Her spirit past away.



WOMAN.

WHAT light doth man the most approve,

When darkness hovers nigh ?

The chastely glowing light of love,

From woman's beamy eye.

When billows of affliction roll,

And rob his heart of rest ;

Where may the wight unload his soul ?

Where ? but on woman's breast !

Though Fortune frown, and friends decay,

And turn his life blood chill ;

He'll find the partner of his way,

Sweet woman, faithful still !

When jealous envy wounds his name,

What may his pangs beguile ;

And compensate for blighted fame ?

Woman's endearing smile.

When sickness lays her lover pale,

And pangs, his body tear ;

Oh ! say what arts may best avail ?

Sweet woman's fervent pray'r !

And when he sleeps from mortal strife,

What most shall grace his bier ?

The proudest trophy, won in life,

Sweet woman's dewey tear !

FAREWELL.

THERE is a word, which tears the heart,
With tortures, indescribable ;
More dire, than mortal sabre's smart,
And that wild accent is, *Farewell!*

It wrings, it rends, the troubled soul,
The bosom heaves, with anguish'd swell ;
And baffled Reason, yields controul,
To passions wak'd, by sad, *Farewell.*

The finest chords, soft Feeling's hand,
Twines round the heart, with witching spell ;
Smote by Despair's, soul-chilling wand,
All wither, 'neath the sad *Farewell.*

It sounds, of each lov'd hope, and dream,
The dying groan, the final knell ;
The breaking heart, espies no beam,
To gild the gloom, of sad *Farewell.*

TO ONE RECOMMENDING THE PERUSAL OF ROGERS'S
"PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

Tell me not, of "Memory's pleasures,"

Recollection's fancied joys !

While each hope, my bosom treasures,

Time, or destiny, destroys !

Can the life, that's past in sorrow,

From the retrospective eye,

Fail the briny tear to borrow ?

Fail to wake, the mournful sigh.

Friendship's smiles, with beams of gladness,

Oft have twinkled through the gloom ;

Only, to augment my sadness,

And to aggravate my doom.

Adverse Fate, no sooner bound me,

But she rent the chains she'd twin'd ;

Left me, more the wretch, she found me,

Broken, and subdued, of mind.

"Can such recollections charm me ?

Can a ray of comfort break,

O'er my sorrowing heart, to warm me ?

No !—this bosom, still must ache !



LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE OF ROGERS'S

"PLEASURES OF MEMORY,"

AFTER HAVING READ THE SAME.

OH ! might I twine a wreath for thee,

Enchantor sweet, of "*Memory*!"

I'd fondly cull, such virgin flowers,

As bloom'd in Eden's sacred bowers :

Nor should the winds, o'er Lethe's streams that blow,

E'er drink their sweets, or mar their radiant glow.

I'd bid the "*Tear*," a central gem,
Sparkle on thy diadem ;
Then ask of "*Jacqueline's*," fair shade,
To crown thee, with the grateful braid :
And joying scan our Rogers' much lov'd name,
Wove with "*Columbus'*," in the rolls of Fame.



LINES WRITTEN FOR ONE SUFFERING A DISAPPOINT-

MENT OF THE HEART.

O ! throw those sparkling buds away,
Twine, twine no flowery wreath for me ;
But weave one with a cypress spray,
And branches from the willow tree.

Mingle then, some sprigs of rue,
Aconite, and dark nightshade ;
Each trembling leaf of mournful hue,
To close the sad, yet welcome braid.

But should'st thou find, some flower of spring,
Nipt by the hoar frosts killing breath ;
Lovely, lone, and withering,
Sinking in the arms of death ;

Place it, as a central gem,
On this aching joyless brow ;
'Tis a sad, but a lovely emblem,
Of a heart betray'd by woman's vow.

Joy, bright goddess ! hath fled forever,
Deaf is my ear, to the notes of mirth ;
Peace must re-visit this heart—no never !
Till it sleep in the lap of its parent earth.

Then twine, fair Lady, yea, twine the willow,
O kindly plant it above my grave ;
O yes ! when I sleep on my clay-cold pillow,
Let it, with the cypress, over me wave :

SERENADE.

TO THE SPANISH AIR OF "ISABEL."

Rest, lov'd one, rest !—O at this lonely hour,
Be peaceful slumber's thine ;
May fairy visions, with soothiing power,
To cheer thy soul combine :
May thy soft bosom, thou gentle flow'r,
Ne'er feel the woes of mine :
May'st thou sleep—may'st thou sleep—may'st thou sleep,
Unconscious of Henry's sorrow ;
Ah ! well may thy fond lover weep,
For we sail ere the sunrise to-morrow:

Adieu ! Adieu !

Whilst I must strive, amid foes and danger,
May'st thou know soft repose;
May thy lov'd bosom, to care a stranger,
Oft bathe where pleasure flows;
And Oh! may no thought of thy sad ranger,
E'er mar love thy cheek's bright rose.

May'st thou sleep! &c.

If I should in battle surrender,
In Freedom's fair cause my breath,
For thee my last prayers I'll render,
And bless thee even in death;
With vows of affection so tender,
I'll thee to heav'n bequeath.
May'st thou sleep—may'st thou sleep—may'st thou sleep!
'Till then be a stranger to sorrow;
For then must my faithful one weep,
Nor must Hope gild the gloom of that morrow.

Adieu! Adieu!

ACASTO.

In life's sequester'd vale, to fame unknown,
The meek Acasto pass'd his life's long day ;
Almost to misery's hapless child alone,
Was known the hero of this humble lay :
To wipe the tear from sorrow's languid eye,
To bind the wounds of disappointment's smart,
To shield the helpless, soothe the suff'rs sigh,
Were the choice labours of his pious heart.
Peace to his ashes ! o'er his grassy tomb,
The pensive muse this humble tribute pays ;
The memory of the good survives their doom,
But works, like his, demand immortal praise.



A PORTRAIT.

O full of guile ! and clever to deceive,
'Tis thine the web of wiles, with skill to weave,

Fair spotless truth, with falsehood to entwine,
And bid the cheating surface smoothly shine :
Thine eyes the mind hath taught to speak so well,
They own the serpent's fascinating spell.

Dame Nature's hand, on thy whole form and face,
Hath wasted many a charm and blooming grace,
A face where glows expression's brightest ray,
Yet seeming lovely only to betray !

Thine is the melting look—the touching tone,
That smites the soul, and makes the heart its own,
With tales of art, wrought with the nicest skill,
Thou bend'st each captive to thy worthless will ;

Should one, thy slave, revolting, try to break
His chain, and thus thy potent empire shake,
Array'd in smiles, or tears, thou well can'st feign,
Thou bind'st the rebel with a tenfold chain ;

Each deep intrigue is gloss'd with seeming clear,
Thou Cleopatra, of a meaner sphere !

LINES COMPOSED BY MOONLIGHT.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1826.

'Tis one of those nights,
In which fancy delights,
On the moons' silver wings to be straying,
While the gems sweetly glow,
On her Ethiop brow,
And the sylphs o'er the meadows are playing.

Every leaf is at rest,
Every bird's in it's nest,
All is hush'd, save the charmer, the minstrel of night !
She pours her lone wail,
Tells her soul-rending tale,
Whilst fair Cynthia, enamour'd, looks down with
delight.

O ! this is the hour,
When care killing pow'r !
Unlooses her chains and releases the mind,

When the heart of the lover,
Who roves the world over,
Breathes a sigh for the maiden who lingers behind.



ON A SMILE.

Too oft is a smile,
But the creature of guile,
A beautiful glowing illusion !
Seeming sunbeam of truth,
On the forehead of youth,
But a meteor of dangerous delusion.

'Tis the finishing grace,
To a beautiful face,
As 'mid dimples reposing most sweet,

Alas ! that so bright,
A young ray of delight,
Should be ever the mask of deceit !

He who murders your name,
And traduces your fame,
Even *he*, the assassin ! will smile ;
As he yields you his hand,
With a seeming most bland,
He will life's fairest rose-buds despoil.

Thus laughs, in the hour,
When 'neath its dread power,
The Hyæna grasps wildly its helpless prey :
'Tis a beautiful dæmon,
Of virtuous seeming,
That looks like an angel, alas ! to betray.

ON WOMAN'S LOVE,

A woman's love, a woman's love,
Say what is like a woman's love ?
In earth below, and skies above,
Oh ! what is like a woman's love ?
'Tis like the sun, whose cheering ray
Gives light and beauty to the day :
'Tis like the moon, whose radiance bright,
Illumes the ethiop brow of night :
'Tis like that unexpiring blaze,
Which burns where death's dark banner plays :
'Tis like the vast and mighty deep,
Whose rolling waves may never sleep :
'Tis like the magnet, ever true,
Which keeps its worship'd star in view :
'Tis like the pearly fount that streams,
Where torrid suns diffuse their beams :
'Tis pure as those young flowers that blow,
In early spring, in vests of snow :

'Tis like the precious diamond's light,
That glows, e'en 'mid the darkest night.
On earth below, or skies above,
What else displays a woman's love ?
Whatever breathes of faith and truth,
Shows woman's love in early youth.



ENVY.

Pale Envy sickens at another's good,
And blights life's fairest blossoms in the bud ;
With sharper thorns, invests its brightest rose,
And darkly o'er our path her mantle throws.

She hates the mirror, that to nature true,
Presents her own dark visage to her view,
And seeks to mar its lustre, and deface,
Its fair, immaculate, and polish'd face :

Unloving and unlov'd, she live's accurs'd,
Tormenting all, herself tormented worst ;

Her darling child is Hate, by fate decreed
On her dark Parent's vital powers to feed.
Her's are the venom'd blade, the poison'd bowl,
A thousand deaths in her dark eyeballs roll .
Where'er the scowling dæmon holds her reign,
Slander, and malice, revel in her train ;
She plucks the blossoms from Fame's topmost bough,
And casts them where the Lethean waters flow :
Infernall pair ! by Satan's self begot,
Nurs'd where the light of Virtue shineth not !



TO MISS LINWOOD.

Pride of thy country, hail ! to thee the votive muse would
pay,
No lowly servile off'ring, but a pure and grateful lay ;
A muse, that ever worships at fair Genius' radiant shrine,
Now stoops immortal LINWOOD ! low, devoutly stoops at
thine ;

Than whom, hath never shone a star, of purer ray to gem,
The beauteous brows of ocean's queen, or grace her
diadem;

*Kings, Princes, Emperors, have view'd the wonders of
thy hand,

And borne, delighted borne ! thy praise to every distant
land :

E'en she who sleeps, that virtuous †Queen, whom British
hearts revere,

Confess'd that in creative power, thou stood'st without
compeer.

Nor shines thy worth, illustrious one ! less than thy genius
bright,

Thou hast a heart which virtuous deeds alone, can yield
delight ;

* "Kings, Princes, Emperors," &c. The crowned heads who visited England, in 1814, I suppose visited Miss Linwood's exhibition, in Leicester-square.

† The late Queen Charlotte.—C. C. B.

In works of high benevolence, we know thy honour'd
name,

Ranks with the proudest of the land, in goodness, as in
fame :

Thou'st quaff'd each sweet, the brimming cup, oth' world's
applause can give,

And kind, hast bid the abject sons, of humbler genius live ;
Hath lent them sanction, credit, bread, from thine un-
bounded store,

Made glad the heart, and drooping head, bow'd in the
dust before ;

From such an one, my greedy ear, in years, alas ! gone by
First caught the praises of a name, that but with time
shall die.

And, oh ! to live, as thou dost live, in Friendship's beamy
smile,

I would resign a regal crown, nor e'er regret the while ;
Such deep devotion reigns within each generous heart
for thee,

That might I envy ought on earth, thou must its object
be;

'Thou'st prov'd and tasted all the good, mankind on earth
may know,

Fam'd, lov'd, rever'd ;—what brighter meed had nations
to bestow ?

Long may'st thou feel the genial glow—long, ere that
dreamless sleep,

Which all must prove, o'ershadows thee, and bids affection
weep ;

E'en then, the brightest hope of life, shall cheer its going
down,

The certainty thou shalt enjoy of posthumous renown.



TO ISABEL.

The sun has sunk behind the hill,

And from the autumnal spray,

The nightingale begins to trill,
Her melancholy lay ;
She pours so sweet, so sad a strain,
So tender, yet so full of pain,
My soul participates her woe,
My streaming eyes begin to flow.

Soft songstress ! not more sweet the spell
To Orpheus' harp was giv'n,
Whose strains unloos'd the gates of hell,
And Pluto's chains were riv'n :
Enchantress of the feeling soul !
We fondly own thy sweet controul ;
With thee 'tis luxury to weep,
While happier thousands calmly sleep.

Sleep was not made for thou and I,
Like thee, must I complain ;
I tune my harp's soft strings to joy,
Yet still they breathe but pain :

Remembrance that can never sleep,
Condemns me hapless wight to weep ;
For, oh ! 'twas such an eve as this,
My Allan gave his parting kiss.

Can I forget the hallow'd past ?

Can I forget his wild farewell ?
“ It is the last time !—’tis the last
“ We e’er must meet my Isabel !”
“ The last !”—I shriek’d with frantic cry,
While light forsook my aching eye ;
My words were borne upon the blast,
And echo shouted back—“ *the last !* ”

Oh ! fatal knell !—those orbs of light,
Replete with feeling’s finest ray,
Are clos’d in everlasting night,
My Allan’s heart hath ceas’d to play :
While the chaste huntress gilds the scene,
Alone I’ll trace the midnight green,

Where all unseen, the tears of woe,
Shall o'er his treasur'd memory flow.

With thee sad bird, when ev'ning draws
Her curtain o'er departed day,
When nature sinks to soft repose,
To our lone haunts I haste away,
There shall our plaintive mournful theme,
Ride soft on fair Diana's beam,
In unison we'll pour our grief,
'Til death shall bring to each relief.



JOAN OF ARC.

That maiden heard distinct, the still small voice,
Still ! but yet potent as an angel's blast,
Which call'd her on to deeds of mighty daring,
Deeds of illustrious fame !—Hers was a soul,

Of lineage high—miscalld enthusiast, wild !
 More just yclep'd, a star of heavenly birth,
 Still holding commerce with those sister orbs,
 The lights of upper sky.

There is a voice, unguess'd of by the crowd,
 Which deigns anon, to steal upon the ear,
 Of virtuous, lone obscurity—in vain,
 Ne'er heard—neither to be mistaken, tho' a veil,
 May sometimes seem to shroud its solemn import ;
 Yea ! lost amid the darkness it may seem,
 Or as some star, faint twinkling thro' the gloom—
 Until the hour, the hour of revelation,
 When all heav'ns mandate bursts upon the soul,
 As from some mighty oracle ! Such are,
 (The auditors) confess'd, approv'd
 The chosen instruments of heav'ns designs,
 To work out great events, and shew its power :
 Such was illustrious Joan, the " Maid of Orleans !"



TO A REDBREAST, CAUGHT IN A
WINDOW.

Nay ! flutter not ! tremble not ! poor little thing !
For no reason hast thou for dismay ;
I'd not ruffle one plume of thy beautiful wing,
I'll but kiss thee, and send thee away.

I own lovely warbler ! I own it were sweet,
Could'st thou sing by my side thro' the day !
But alas ! thy enjoyment must purchase such treat,
So away, pretty Robin, away !

Thy generous confidence gives me delight,
As securely thou sit'st on the spray ;
Can I for one moment that confidence blight ?
Oh no ! no pretty Robin away !

But forget not my door, when the snows shall descend,
 And the fields shall no longer look gay ;
 For when shiv'ring and sad, thou shalt there find a friend,
 Who will ne'er send poor Robin away.



YOUTH.

“ —’Tis past—as the Gossamer goes on the gale—
 And I wake from the dream, of the days of my youth.”

DIBDIN.

When soothing twilight, spreads her floating veil,
 And night’s sweet Bird, begins her plaintive wail,
 The boisterous passions, lose their proud controul,
 And soft emotion sways the human soul ;
 In such a frame, and oh ! at such an hour,
 Remembrance deep, exerts her holiest power ;
 Oft will she bid some ardent youth to wend,
 To where an early—lov’d, departed friend,

Torn from his fond embrace, unconscious sleeps,
While he, lone wight, in sad affliction weeps :
Sacred to friendship, to affection, dear,
Than gems, more precious, is each falling tear !
There is a luxury in tender woe,
Which mirth's gay votaries can never know :
Those hallow'd sighs, which breathe our deep distress,
We deem him impious who would repress ;
The swelling soul despairs the meaner clay,
And longs to burst its bonds and soar away.

Even as he, to whose tear-swollen eye,
Reflection, paints the sweets of joys gone by,
I weep, those hours of pure, and spotless truth,
The sunbright season of my early youth :
Oh ! it was beautiful ! no darksome cloud,
Arose, Hope's bright cerulean skies to shroud ;
I slept in peace, and wak'd each morn to joy,
Joy, which partook not, dream'd not of alloy ;
Each gentle breeze that swept across my breast,
For me a pleasing influence possess'd :

The humblest flower that blossom'd, could impart,
Some charm, to please my gay, and careless heart ;
Whose generous fountains, through the fields of mind,
Shed streams of love, for all the human kind.

I lov'd all creatures—and (by youth beguil'd,)
Believ'd that all lov'd me, who on me smil'd.
Grant it an error—grant each lovely thing,
Dreams, which alone, from inexperience spring !

Then tell me, ye, whom years have number'd wise,
If all life's boasted *true realities*,
May with those *dreams* in loveliness compare,
Those hours of blessedness devoid of care ?

Call ye, Experience, a precious gem,
More rich than richest Monarch's diadem ?
If by its price, we may its worth divine,
Experience must all other gems outshine !

But what do Youth, by sage Experience gain ?
What ? but the woeful certainty of pain !
The bitter consciousness that human life,
Is but a scene of sorrow, care, and strife.

Sweet Innocence, that erst, was wont to lead
Our tender footsteps oe'r the vernal mead,
To cull the vi'let in the lonely glade,
(Nor guess'd the adder, slumber'd 'neath its shade,) /
Banish'd by fell suspicion, takes her flight ;
Adieu ! adieu ! ye moments of delight :
The pleasing confidence of youth is o'er,
Life's early visions may delight no more :
We now distrust each lovely seeming smile,
Believing there, may lurk the serpent guile.
From me, those sweet sensations all have flown,
So exquisite—so charming—save but one—
The airs of spring, can still with force impart,
Their early, pleasing influence, to my heart ;
But they recall, with melancholy pain,
Those banish'd joys, I ne'er must taste again ;
My bosom swells, mine eyes with tears o'erflow,
And all the soul dissolves in melting woe.
But for the hope which sweetens every ill,
(And bends the human to th' Eternal will,) .

The bright reward of an immortal crown—
Now glad would I, this load of life lay down :
But, oh ! 'tis consolation sweet to know,
That when we've ended this sad course of woe,
The spirits of the just to God shall rise,
To taste eternal youth, beyond the skies.



ABSENT FRIENDS.

Again on Zephyr's balmy wing,
Array'd in charms, comes lovely Spring ;
Queen of seasons ! goddess bright !
Dispensatress of delight !
Whose soft smile, awakes to love,
Each plumed minstrel of the grove ;
While from every emerald spray,
Burst their sweet enamour'd lay :

But ah ! each tender, dulcet tone,
'Minds me, of thoughts, and feelings flown—
When I could rove each vale and dell,
With those dear friends, I lov'd so well ;
When soft affection, through each eye,
Beam'd with holy sympathy ;
While Spring's sweet bird, the mellow Thrush,
From some near, and shady bush,
Sweetly swell'd her liquid throat,
Pouring forth her dying note :—
And the softly sighing breeze,
Wasting perfumes from the trees,
Bade the torpid world revive,
And all creation, newly live :
Sweet were those hours !—but they are o'er—
Time, never flew so swift before ;
Fate hath to envious distance mov'd,
Those kindred souls so well belov'd.
But thought is free, and unconfin'd,
Nought can enchain the free-born mind !

Thought, to deep affection true,
Presents those absent friends to view ;
Fairy-like, around they rise,
Veil'd from all, but fancy's eyes.

But, ah ! the sweet delusion breaks,
Again, my lonely bosom aches !
The smiles of Spring, no more impart,
Their wonted rapture to my heart.
True, they are sweet !—but each soft sigh,
Of winged Zephyr floating by,
Seems in my list'ning ear to say,
“ The friends, thou lov'st, are far away !”

Though naught can wholly chase the sigh,
Right frequent tear, that fills mine eye—
Yet 'tis a solace sweet, to know,
Each gen'rous bosom's friendly glow,
Was lighted up in Virtue' fane,
That Virtue forg'd the golden chain,

And spite of Fate, with all her ire,
Each holy link remains entire !

With what fond rapture will I greet,
The hour, when we again shall meet ?

To taste those joys, so pure, refin'd,
Known only to th' ennobled mind .

But should the Fates compel us still,
To bow to their vindictive will.

Or, what is more, forbid us e'er,
To meet on this terrestrial sphere—

Yet, since the union is of soul,
Distinct from matter's base controul,
The grave can ne'er dissolve those ties,
Their strength the power of death defies :

Freed from this cumb'rous load of clay,
Our souls shall soar to realms of day,
And there shall sweetly recognize,
The friends we've lov'd below the skies :

And there perennial Spring enjoy,
And bliss supreme without alloy !

FRAGMENT.

'Twere better to be twice deceiv'd,
Than live, distrusting, all we meet ;
For, when of confidence bereav'd,
Life's no more sweet !

'Twere better 'neath oblivion's tide,
To plunge, a friend's neglect or wrong ;
Than cherish with unbending pride,
Such memory long !



LINES

WRITTEN DURING THE PERVASION OF A FIT
OF MELANCHOLY.

On the dark green willow, I've hung my lyre,
For its numbers can charm no more ;
My bosom is dead to poetic fire,
Each blissful dream is o'er :

There once was a time, when its sweet strain,
To sacred feeling true,
Could enhance each joy, and soothe each pain,
My hapless bosom knew.

But the life, and soul, of those silver strings,
For ever have taken their flight ;
And Despair's cold hand incessantly rings,
The knell of each dear delight :
The heart is sick—the bosom faints,
The streams of life run low ;
And every scene that fancy paints,
Is delug'd with seas of woe.

TO SARAH.

Thy right eye of love,
Is the eye of the dove,
With the glance of the eagle united ;
Not the Cynic, could gaze,
On its soul beaming rays,
And turn from the view undelighted.

The rose bud so fair,
Lately wreath'd mid thy hair,
To thy lip, did its sweetness impart ;
A lip that can tell,
With its smile, passing well !
How bland, how untainted the heart !

Each feminine grace,
In thy sweet form and face,
With modest attraction endears :

Thou'rt a beautiful flower,
May Adversity's power,
Never blight the bright hope of thy years !



TO * * * * *

Avaunt ! thou soul-less mass of clay !
Thou gaudy insect of to-day !
Pass on, in all thy pride elate,
And show the wond'ring world thy state !
Go, Peacock ! show thy gilded train,
And win thy meed—the world's disdain !

Yea ! I could stoop to kiss the toe,
Of wit, or worth, however low ;
But 'tis not in the pow'r of Fate,
To make me love the *little great* :
My soul is proud, my will is free,
Pass on, I'll never crouch to thee !

THOU BEAUTIFUL DREAM OF LIFE'S BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

Thou beautiful dream, of life's beautiful morning,
When Fancy and Hope, the bright scene were adorning,
As the breeze o'er yon mountain—
The foam of yon river—
As the grace of yon fountain,
Thou art gone—and for ever!

Experience, then told not, that vision of splendour,
Would pass as a meteor succeeded by gloom :—
I deem'd human bosoms, high, gen'rous, tender,
And this bleak world, an Eden, of freshness and bloom :
How illusive, I need not tell—
Truth hath dissolv'd the spell !

That morn of life and enchantment is o'er .
So the sweet lines of even, fade
'Neath dull night's heavy shade,
Nor aught can those lovely impressions restore.

THERE IS A VOICE IN EVERY THING.

There is a voice in every thing,
Reminds us of the past ;
Th' inspiring airs of gentle spring—
December's wintry blast ;
The frowning rock, the shady dell,
The ocean, or the shore,
All, in expressive numbers tell,
Of moments now no more !

Who hath not, when Spring's freshness swept,
Across his aching brow,
O'er some one lost, or absent wept,
Who'd used to share its glow ?
When the bland feelings of his soul,
Like Spring's pure blossoms breath'd,
When deep he quaff'd the sparkling bowl,
By Love or Friendship wreath'd.

There is a voice in every thing,
But varied is its note ;
Each bosom hath a sounding string,
From whence its tone is caught :
The heart to deep affection's strung,
Its influence best can tell,
O'er such its magic sounds have rung,
With cabalistic spell.



SONNET

ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING, LATE IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1827.

Sweet bird ! the season of thy song is past,
And yet, with deep amazement do I hear,
Thy heavenly music, pealing full and clear,
Along the pennons of the wintry blast :
Thy theme is mournful, charmer ! sorrows vast,
Burst through thy melting numbers ;—I would know

What hath thy soul of melody o'ercast,
And trace the fountain of thy mighty woe
The leaves are falling round thee, pale and sear,
Is it for this, thy sad complainings flow ?
Is the dismantled shade to memory dear,
That screen'd thee once from Sol's meridian glow ?
Dear, honour'd bird ! now, now, it strikes mine ear,
Thou sing'st the requiem of the dying year !



I'LL THINK ON THEE.

"Her white hand strove to hide the tear,
While sad she sigh'd 'Forget me not!'"

ANONYMOUS.

Forget thee ! can a heart like mine,
With soft affection cease to glow ?
Or can our adverse fates untwine,
The bonds of friendship ? surely, no !

Believe me, through my future life,

My fondest thought will ever be,

'Mid joy or woe, 'mid peace or strife,

To think of thee—to think of thee.

When morning lifts her golden eye,

Amid the rosy eastern skies,

And pure, as heaven's own minstrelsy,

The wild-wood choirs in concert rise ;

Or, when the lovlier even reigns,

O'er tranquil earth, and sleeping sea,

'Twill sooth bereft affection's pains,

To breathe the tender prayer for thee !

And when each lighter friend, hath fled,

And pain or sickness bows me low,

May'st thou support my drooping head,

And kindly bind my burning brow ;

And when from every mortal blast,
Kind death shall set my spirit free,
I'll think upon the tender past,
And breathe my latest sigh for thee.



LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHORESS BEING
ASKED, IF SHE SHOULD NOT HAVE PLEASURE
IN VISITING NEWSTEAD ABBEY, AND THE
TOMB OF BYRON.

I dare not view the hallow'd fane,
Where thy lov'd relics sleep ;
I dare not join the votive train,
Who journey there to weep !
For, sure the mighty passion, pent
Within this heart, for thee,
Would fix me there, thy monument,
A second Niobe !

No, I could ne'er with steady eye,
Gaze on the sacred bed,
Where sleeps that soul of harmony,
Amid the silent dead ;
For, oh ! the spells of pensive woe,
Which nought on earth can sever,
Aided by all th' enthusiast's glow,
Would bind me there for ever !



STANZAS.

They met—and years had roll'd between
The hour they parted last.—
How strangely alter'd was the scene,
Oh, how unlike the past !
Then Love, their gentle hearts had twin'd
With soft affection's chain,
But destiny, with hand unkind,
Had rent its links in twain.

Though many gaz'd, one only saw,
How shook that maiden's frame ;
But one, perceiv'd th' impassion'd glow,
Which o'er his dark brow came ;
The ghost of feelings, buried deep,
'Neath time's revolving tide,
But now, 'twere fitting such should sleep,
He own'd another bride.

But naught can quite annihilate,
The first fond love of youth ;
Though wrongs divide, or adverse fate
Oft with prophetic truth,
A spirit from the sepulchre,
Of buried joys, will tell,
Naught else in life, however fair,
Can e'er be lov'd so well !

Each felt its force, but turn'd away,
Nor sigh, nor accent broke,
From either's lip,—but looks than they
More eloquent, bespoke

The feelings either strove to veil,

Alas ! how vainly strove !

But lighter hearts, ne'er guess'd the tale,

Nor ask'd, could such be *Love*.



LINES

WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

How soon this hand shall strike no more,

The lyre it loves so well ;

How soon, to all it lov'd before,

This heart must bid farewell !

For soon that calm and tranquil sleep,

Which no dark dreams molest,

Shall softly o'er my senses creep,

And I shall sink to rest.

And though *Forgetfulness* by thee,
Enclas'd, I then must lie ;
I would not that my *memory*,
Should with my being die :—
May Friendship's voluntary tear,
Adorn my humble bed,
And hearts, mine own in life held dear,
A blessing o'er me shed.

I would, my resting place should be,
The village of my birth ;
I'd give, what then remains of me,
Back to its native earth :
No sculptur'd stone, no marble woe,
Should o'er my ashes breathe ;
I would the rose bush there might blow,
The laurel ever wreath.

THE SOCIAL FIRE.

Winter hath charms ! yea, charms more bright
Than Summer, in her gay attire !
For Winter brings the lengthen'd night,
And brings, O joy ! the social fire,

'Tis sweet, when falls the fleecy snow,
When howls the storm, in fury dire,
To sit and list the tempest blow,
Secure beside the social fire.

Through the tall elms, its spirit moans,
In tones that wild affright inspire ;
Like suffering Nature's parting groans,
Ah ! then we bless the social fire.

The dear domestic circle scan !
To please, is every heart's desire ;
Each virtue that exalts the man,
Glows brighter by the social fire.

How dear the Winter's night to youth !

When beauty, by her awful sire,

Steals for her love, the glance of truth,

Which chains him near the social fire !

Perchance the goblin tale goes round,

We tremb'ling list—nor scarce respire,

With terror start at every sound,

And closer press the social fire.

Thence, Friendship draws the living flame,

Wherewith she lights her sacred pyre ;

And genial converse knits the claim,

While brighter burns the social fire.

Sweet halcyon nest ! sweet balm for woe !

We all to share thy joys aspire,

And cry, " if there's an heaven below,

" That heaven is round the social fire."

MY DEAR, MY NATIVE VILLAGE
BELLS.

Yes ! there are sounds, than which more dear,

None, ever greet my lonely ear ;

Which steal at even's silent hour,

From yon antique, and sleepy tower :

O, how I love your witching spells,

My dear, my native village bells !

Lov'd chroniclers, of joys gone by !

How oft ye wake the melting sigh,

O'er golden dreams forever past,

Too bright, too beautiful to last ;

Of such, your music sweetly tells,

My dear, my native village bells.

Those were the sun-bright hours of youth,

Replete with confidence and truth ;

And though myself, and all around
Are changed—I hear the self-same sound,
Breathe through your full, harmonious swells,
My dear, my native village bells.

And should I to some distant clime,
Be far remov'd from your sweet chime,
My spirit oft, on wings of air,
Shall to its well-lov'd haunts repair ;
Retrace at eve, its favourite dell,
And list, its native village bell.

And when the toils of life are past,
Oh ! may I sweetly sleep at last,
Secure along the fretted aisle,
Beneath yon reverend gothic pile ;
And may my life's expiring knell,
Burst from its native village bell.

ELLEN.

That grateful creature, whose assiduous care,
Surpris'd the royal brute, and set him free,
Though humble, Ellen, is an emblem fair,
Of active, pure benevolence, and thee.

Thou, art the *hidden* fount, whose generous flow,
Doth fertilize, and gladden all the plain ;
To thee, the virtuous child of want, or woe,
Tells not its tale of misery in vain :
Yet the blind goddess, hath to thee denied
Her golden smile—but anxious to redress,
Maternal nature, the defect espied,
And gave thee energy, and will to bless.

Oh ! that thy heart, for others fram'd to feel,
Should ever know one bitter pang thine own ;
Should mourn Ingratitude's envenom'd steel,
Or slander, o'er thy brightest actions thrown :
But as the lily, bending 'neath the rain,
Lends its last sweetness to its foe-man still,

So, lofty maid ! dost thou thy course maintain,
Despite of all thy suffering, all thine ill :
Still may thy deeds, throughout life's darksome night,
Shine, like the diamond's self-existent light.



LINES.

When doth Love look most holy ?

“ ‘Tis, what reason best conceives
“ Of love celestial ; whose prevenient aid,
“ Forbids approaching ill ; or gracious draws,
“ When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
“ From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe.”

When doth love Look most holy ? Affection, most bless ?
When the object belov'd, groaneth under distress ;
When sweet sympathy, tries each endeavour to draw,
From the sad bleeding bosom, the arrows of woe :

Affection ! thou beautiful angel of light !
Thou star of the soul, in affliction's dark night !
On whose lucid form, when the storm hovers nigh,
But to gaze, even cheereth, the tear-swollen eye.

How blest are the hearts, where Love's fingers hath twin'd,
Of roses, and amaranth, the fetters which bind !
In whose path, the bright hearts-ease spontaneous
springs,
And to whom smiling plenty, her offering brings :
O, yes they are blest ! but since fate doth ordain,
That thousands the cup of misfortune shall drain,
All hail ! to the power, whose smile can disarm,
Dark despair of his shafts, and bid sorrow be calm !



LINES**WRITTEN UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES OF
PECULIAR AFFLICTION.**

Why should I drag life's heavy chain,
Through lengthening years of certain woe ;
When every hour's replete with pain,
And happiness I ne'er must know ?

Forlorn ! unfriended ! what is more
Neglected, wounded, and oppress'd ;
Well may I wish this life were o'er,
That my lone heart, might sink to rest.



TO A FRIEND

WHO ACCIDENTALLY SAW THE FOREGOING,
AND REPROVED THE AUTHORESS FOR IN-
DULGING THE MELANCHOLY STRAIN.

Go, child of Fortune ! go,
Chide not my mournful strain,
Know, to the child of woe,
'Tis comfort to complain ;
Say, would'st thou have me smiling gay,
While thus my heart is aching ?
A heart, whose hopes have past away,
Whose finest strings are breaking.

Were not these fibres strung,
To nature's softest thrill ?
And have they not been wrung,
By all of human ill ?
And —— but I will not pain thine ear,
With sorrows like mine own ;
Unheeded, let me pour the tear,
And heave the rending groan.

'This little plaintive lyre,
Which pitying nature gave,
To soothe misfortune's ire,
While journeying to the grave ;
True, to the minstrel's hand will swell,
With mournful notes alone ;
O'er it Despair hath flung a spell,
Which saddens every tone.

Yet let its numbers rise,
Still, on the wings of eve ;
They calm affliction's sighs,
And cheer me when I grieve :
And with its sympathetic flow,
There's nought of scorn enwrought ;
Go then, thou child of Fortune, go,
Nor chide its plaintive note !



MARY.

" How soon did calamity pillow thy head
" Sweet Mary, simplicity's flower!"

STEWART.

Slow o'er the proud hills, the blue vapour arose,
Long after the matin-lark carrol'd her lay ;
Whose heav'n-taught numbers had hush'd to repose
Morn's golden hair'd harbinger, sister of day :
Bright Phœbus, drew over his glories a veil,
And each flower bent its tear-dropping eye on the ground,
And all, on the river's green banks seem'd to wail,
Poor Mary, so late in its dark current drown'd.

Unfortunate Mary ! we weep o'er thy doom,
And the more, that our tears and our sorrows are vain,
Ah ! why might such loveliness find in the tomb,
Its only asylum from anguish and pain ?
How wild was thy frenzy ! how hateful the villain !
Who could plant in thy beautiful bosom such woe ;
A bosom alive to each generous feeling,
That virtue permits her sweet vot'ries to know.

In the bright spring of youth, when life's roses bloom
sweetest,

The heart of poor Mary, was sued for, and won ;
Alas ! the white hours wing'd by love glide the fleetest,
While those told by sorrow, move tardily on :
The nuptial morn dawn'd, and the fond expectation,
Had ting'd with vermillion her beautiful cheek,
But ah, hapless maid ! at that day's termination,
What tongue shall thy bosom's dread agony speak.

That day, with another, the daemon united,
Unmindful of Mary—who hearing the tale,
To the earth, like a flower by the lightning blighted,
She fell broken-hearted—the lily less pale .
Fair Reason affrighted, forsook her for ever,
Convulsions heav'd wildly her once happy breast ;
She stole unperceiv'd, to the banks of the river,
And sunk 'neath its silver-white bosom to rest.

I SIGH AND THINK, &c.



I sigh and think, and think and sigh,

And oft the tear-drop swells mine eye,

Yet scarce I know, the reason why,

The pensive thought,

Obtrusive guest! unbidden springs,

Pale spectre of departed things,

With rapture fraught.

And oft Remembrance, wakes again,

Those vanish'd hours, of grief and pain,

And all th' associated train,

Which wrung the breast;

When Hope was lost, amid the gloom,

And fell Despair, pronounc'd the tomb,

Mine only rest.

Again, the dagger smites my heart,

Again, the trembler own's the smart,

Even to its inmost vital part,

The deadly thro'e !

Wild anguish, rends the fainting soul,

Which sinks beneath the dread controul

Of mighty woe.

Yet though awhile my pangs be deep,

Anon they die, or sink to sleep,

I cannot always sigh and weep,

The volant mind,

Again replumes her airy wings,

And o'er her grieſs indignant springs,

Free, unconfined !



TO A FRIEND,

WHO WAS INCONSOLABLE FOR THE LOSS OF
HER BEAUTIFUL SISTER.

Weep not dear maiden ! the afflictive doom,
Which gave thy lov'd Maria, to the tomb ;
Maria, lovelier than the orient ray,
Which lights the forehead of the rising day !
She, like a beauteous vision came to bless,
Her fellow trav'lers through life's wilderness ;
Yet of too fair, too delicate a form,
To bear its driving blast, its pelting storm :
Peerless she blossom'd,—till by tempests driv'n,
Her sainted spirit, wing'd its flight to heaven.
When Luna, lovly empress of the night,
Veils 'neath a cloud, her chaste departing light,
We mourn her absence, though full well we know,
She shines 'mid other worlds, with brighter glow ;
So thy Maria (late without compeer)
Now, shines far brighter, in an heavenly sphere.

I bid thee weep not!—yet affection's sighs,
From thy lorn bosom long, I know, must rise ;
I see thee lonely, 'reft of that sweet stay,
Which cheer'd thy pilgrimage, and charm'd the way ;
But, should the spirits, we have lov'd so dear,
Still deign to view this sublunary sphere,
Thou would'st not surely wound an angel's breast !
Thou would'st not, Betsy, break a sister's rest !
Then let thy sighs aspire in grateful breath,
To *Him* who sav'd her from the second death :
Pursue the same bright path, her spirit trod,
And thou shalt meet her at the THRONE of GOD,
When this dull, painful, dream of life is o'er,
In blissful union, to part no more.



TO A LUTE.

Be silent, for ever, thou dulcet ton'd lute !
For the voice which hath echo'd thy numbers is mute ;
And the cold hand of death, grasps those fingers of snow,
Which once taught thy numbers, entrancing to flow.

As delighted I've gaz'd on that beautiful maid,
While her soul, sweetly beam'd through her eyes as she
play'd,
All my cares have been hush'd—all my woes sunk to sleep,
But now, what has Allan to do but to weep ?

All the charms of those soul-thrilling numbers are gone,
They sound as the knell of delights that are flown ;
And serve but to waken the deep groan of woe,
And bid the sad tears of keen anguish to flow.

LINES.



There dwell within the human breast,
Desires which will not—cannot rest !
Boundless as æther's wide domain,
Insatiate, as the mighty main,
Which, though it gain exhaustless store,
Still hungers on, and craves for more :
Yea ! restless as the billowy deep,
When tempests rock the pole,
The wishes, that impetuous sweep,
Across the human soul !

“ Ethereal essence ! flame divine !
“ Or, whatsoever thou art !
“ Turn that perspective eye of thine,
“ Where mortal glories brightest shine,
“ And choose thyself a part :—

“ Wealth, or Ambition’s glittering things,
“ The rule of power,—or pomp of Kings,
“ I know thou canst disdain :
“ Take else, whatever can delight,
“ Or charm, or captivate thy sight,
“ And then no more complain !”

Thus to its restless tenant, spoke,
My agitated heart ;
That long had groaned beneath the smart,
Of disappointment’s stroke :
The spirit heard, and thus reply’d—
“ What shall I ask of thee ?
“ All that thou canst, my earthly bride,
“ Hast thou obtain’d for me ;
“ I’ve fram’d no wish, but thou hast sought,
“ And, at thy peril, dearly bought,
“ The fleeting good, the shining toy,
“ The high-blown, unsubstantial joy,

" That perish'd in my grasp,
" I feel a craving vacuum still,
" Which nought terrestrial can fill,
" Could I the whole enclasp.

" When Youth's gay phantoms fled away,
" When first 'twas mine to know,
" Life, was a thorny, tedious way,
" A course of certain woe !

" O'erwhelm'd beneath the mantling gloom,
" That mark'd my passage to the tomb,
" I sought 'mid *Friendship's* genial sky,
" Some Star to cheer my drooping eye ;

" Then, yielded up my ardent whole,
" My friendship was *Idolatry* !

" I sought, alas ! exchange of soul,
" Sad fount of mighty misery !

" Of some, by destiny bereft,
" And doom'd to prove what fate had left,
" Ungrateful, or unkind,

" Those generous streams that warmly flow'd,

" Those ardent fires that chastely glow'd,

" Back, with consuming force were hurl'd,

" While desolation shook my world,

" And sadness rul'd my mind.

" Thou bad'st me then, to those deep mines,

" Where radiant knowledge brightly shines,

" Point my enquiring eye ;

" In Solitude's cerulean bowers,

" To rove, amidst Parnassian flowers,

" Of every hue and dye.—

" The vigils of the night, to keep,

" With *Young*, and o'er *Narcissa* weep ;

" Or thron'd in *Homer's* fiery car,

" Review the mighty Trojan war ;

" Or, o'er the glowing, pass'rate page,

" Drawn by a *Byron's* hand ;

" (Byron ! the wonder of our age,

" The idol of our land !)

" 'Midst brightest fields of sentiment and song,

" Weep, while his witching numbers roll'd along.

" Here, have I tasted calm delight,

" And transient beams of joy ;

" Wisdom's deep stores, unveil'd my sight,

" And Fancy's ne'er could cloy ;

" But insufficient's all their store,

" The craving mind still asks for more,

" And *Hope* lies wreck'd on that dread shore,

" Where dark Despair presides :

" Alas ! to gild my gloomy way,

" No beamy star, with cheering ray,

" Athwart the spirit glides."

The sad confession bow'd me low,

Down on a mossy mound,

I sunk beneath desponding woe,

Grief bade the tears of anguish flow,

Profusely o'er the ground :

When, lo ! a sweet, but still small voice,

Thus softly o'er my ear,

" Arise, immortal, and rejoice !

" Why dost thou linger here ?

" Why quit thy proper sphere ?

" Arise ! arise ! arise !

" Think'st thou *this world* was e'er design'd,

" To satisfy the deathless mind ?

Oh ! child of heaven be wise !

" The soul is fram'd to walk the skies,

" Its proper food is light ;

" Those floods of living waters bright,

" Neath mercy's throne that rise,

" Alone may quench the burning thirst,

" Immortal spirits know,

" Whose solving power, alone may burst,

" The chains of human woe ;

" There plunge, thou self-deluded wight,

" And lose the film that dims thy sight,

" Cast earth's vain baubles far away,

" And soar to climes of brighter day,

" Arise ! awake ! be wise !"



LINES

WRITTEN ON A CONTEMPLATED SEPARATION FROM CONGENIAL SOCIETY.

When the beams, which now brighten my pilgrimage
vanish,

(As quickly they must,) from my view ;

When destiny's hand, to a distance shall banish,

The bosoms, mine own loves so true,

Oh ! say what shall lighten, disperse, or controul,

The gloom such bereavement will cast ?

Not Hope, for 'twill die—and the sorrowing soul

Will but cleave with regret to the past.

Oh ! who that hath tasted the soul-cheering rill,
From the founts of refinement, and known
Society's sweets, on some desolate hill,
Would from choice, dwell secluded, alone ?
True, nature may charm him,—her smiles may endear,
Yet a cloud will each scene overcast ;
And Fancy's deep Iris, will rise from a tear,
And the bright setting sun of the past.

And like that poor hermit, by destiny driv'n,
The chill of the desert to prove,
To bear all unpitied, the bleak winds of heav'n,
Far away from the friends that I love,
Must I, desolate wander ; and mate with the herd,
That disport but, through forest and waste,
And in wretchedness mourn o'er those moments rever'd,
O'er the beautiful dream of the past.

'Twere better, far better, to live in the shade,
And ne'er see the splendours of day,

Than sudden to view all his glories display'd,
Then sunder'd for ever away :
Oh ! bathe me in Lether—oh ! deep o'er this heart,
Let the mantle oblivious be cast ;
That when all which yield pleasure, and joy shall depart
I no more may remember the past !

March, 1830.



TO A FRIEND.

We part—but until thou shalt find,
Hearts more sincere, or friends more kind,
Remember me !
Whose every thought, word, act, hath been,
Midst every fair, or painful scene,
Still true to thee.

Remember me ! although full well,
 I know, within thy heart must dwell,
 Things dearer far ;
 Yet do I mourn not, nor repine,
 Thy happiness hath e'er been mine,
 Thy strife, my war !

Yet I do mourn !—thou'st been to me,
 An anchor mid life's stormy sea,
 Its compass true ;
 A watch-tower midst the wilderness,
 The only star which shone to bless,
 My aching view.

Amidst the many, I may find,
 A heart perchance, as true, as kind,
 I may, may not :
 But where that strong, Herculean arm,
 Able to shield my head from harm,
 And bless my lot ?

Ah! where?—yet to high heav'ns decree,

'Tis mine to bend submissively,

Though I must feel:

Yet one bright sunbeam gilds each tear,

A voice prophetic tells mine ear,

My woe's, thy weal.

Go!—and if ever fervent pray'r,

Avail'd in heav'n, its choicest care,

On thee and thine;

Where'er thou goest, will still descend,

And thou wilt still remain my friend,

Till life decline.

PATRIOTISM.

I love all characters, which merit love ;
And fame of noble deeds, sounds on mine ear,
As the loud clarion, to ardent steed
Rushing to battle :—but above all names,
All honors, all deserts, my mind approves,
And glories in the patriot's !—when the eye,
Rests on the lucid records of such worth,
Deep admiration, lit by the bright torch
Of the enthusiast, gushes through my breast
And swells my heart to bursting.—
Who would live inglorious ? who would die,
Nor leave a name ennobled by desert ?
Would pass away unwept, and be forgot ?
The patriot stands , the fairest type of heav'n,
Of deity, on earth—not for himself
He lives, but for mankind ;
Dispensing blessings, like a demi-god :

His head, his heart, his hand, yea ! all his powers,
 United, for his country's weal he nerves ;
 Nor will withhold the last, that mortals can
 The greatest gift ! his valued precious life,
 Should adverse fate demand it in her cause.
 Who that e'er own'd a soul, but felt the steel
 Strike through his own, which struck a Wallace's heart,
 Dear, martyr'd hero ! with that glorious name,
 Ranks deathless *Tell*, the hapless Switzer's boast—
 The boast of every land ! where winds have borne
 His honor'd history, where Freedom's shrine
 Finds place or votaries. And there are names
 Coeval with our own day, which history's muse
 Will treasure as her jewels : they who bore
 For Liberty, and Spain, a tyrant's wrath,
 A fate most ignominious ; noble souls ! *

* The principal Leaders of the Constitutional Cause, who were executed by order of Ferdinand, with every atrocious instance of barbarity.

Spain, was indeed unworthy of your birth ;
Unworthy freedom ! let her hug her chains,
Caress the vampire Bourbon, while he draws
Her very life-blood. Never yet a land
Groan'd under bondage, but her own hand drew,
Or clasp'd the chain around her : realms may own
Oppression's gripe, but surely must descend
To foul degeneracy, ere they can bow
A free-born neck to slavery—can kneel
Before a despot's footstool. I do love
All kings, whose hearts are royal ; and the first
Would recognize an Alfred ! born to bless
His age, and after ones—and still to shine,
Th' illustrious pattern of all future kings.
Dear is the Lion-Heart, to British souls,
And Cressy's spotless hero !—but a list
Of names like these, ask not my feeble praise,
Though they command with most imperious power
My fondest veneration. Yet permit,

Camden,* illustrious one ! permit my pen,
Trembling to write thy name ; thy country feels
Thy patriot resignation to her need,
And 'midst her sufferings, blesses thee, her Son !
And there are others, some of humbler name
But equal virtue—these compose the gems,
Which stud Britannia's coronal of cypress ;
Of cypress ! for her rose is faded now,
Blanch'd in a rain of tears. O ! for the time,
When England shall regain her lost estate,
Resume her station as the sea-born queen
And arbitress of nations ! much-lov'd land !
Why art thou so cast down ? might blood avail,
Glad would I pour my full-heart's welling tide
For thy salvation, or for those who bless—
Proud to resign it in so high a cause.

* The Marquis of Camden, and others, who have so nobly resigned the pensions they enjoyed under government, to the public emergency.—April, 1830.

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ERRATA.

Page 51 line 5 from the top, for *truth* read *ruth*.

65 10 for *font* read *fount*.

89 14 for *mandat's* read *mandates*.

94 9 for *Lethe's* read *Lether's*.

109 *To Isabel*—a misnomered Title, which ought to have
been—*To the Nightingale*.

119 14 for *burst* read *bursts*.

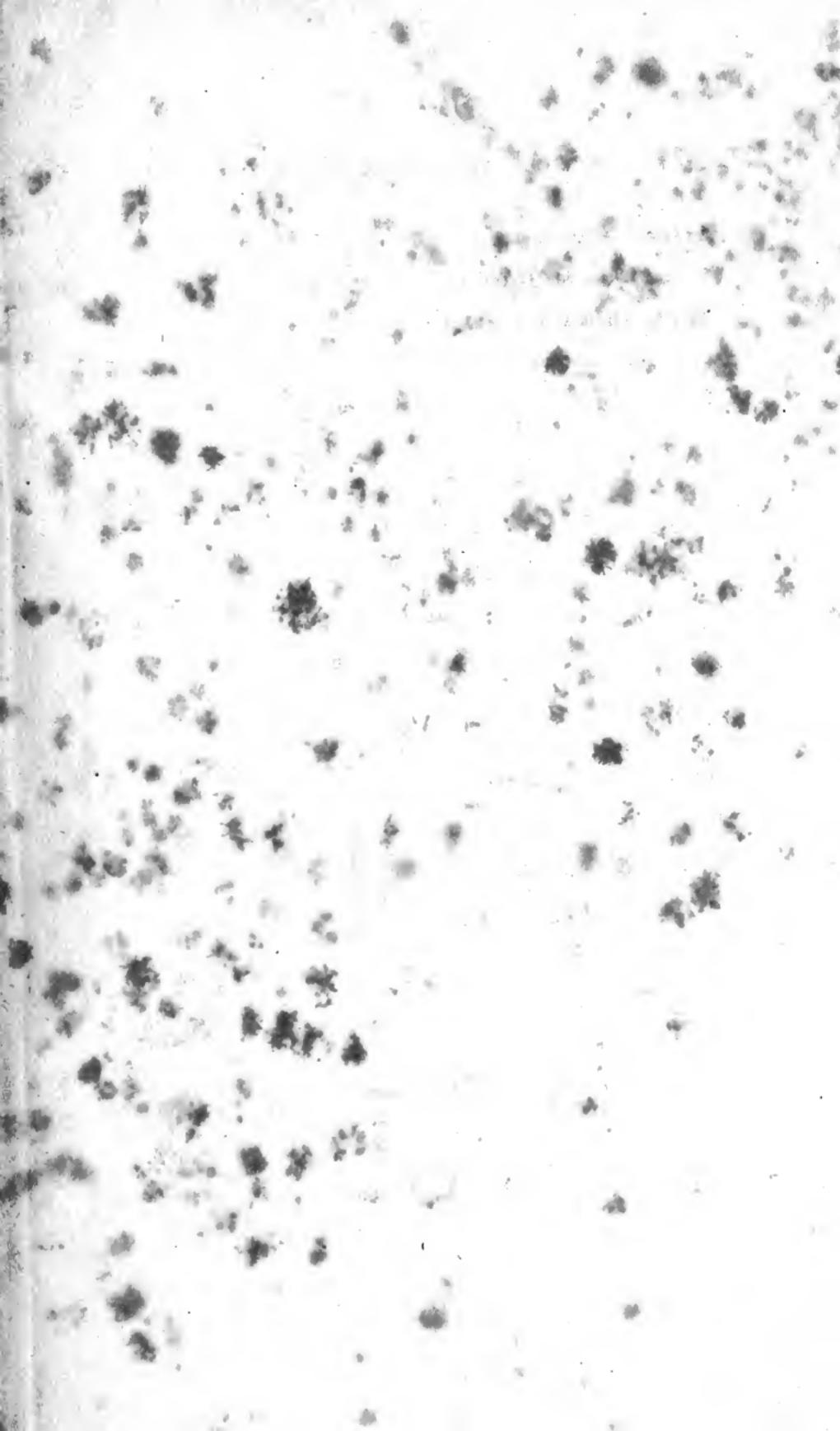
121 14 for *right* read *nor*.

125 1 for *right* read *bright*.

140 10 and 11 for *dell* and *bell* read *dells* and
bells.

157 5 for *my* read *the*.

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